

# The Sketch



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SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6<sup>d</sup>.



MISS SADIE JEROME IN "GENTLEMAN JOE," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

*"I'm Lalage Potts of the U.S.A."*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR HAWES, FINCHLEY ROAD, N.W.



## MISS SADIE JEROME.

Miss Sadie Jerome has undoubtedly made a great hit as Lalage Potts, the American heiress, in "Gentleman Joe," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. The song by which she introduces herself caught on at once, the first lines being almost prophetic—

You're fixed up right if you infer  
I'm a girl of cast-iron character;  
When I focus my mind on a thing to be,  
That thing's as good as done, d'yer see?

Of course, it would be too much to read any personal element into the last verse—

I'm spying around for an English lord  
To marry me quick of his own accord;  
But the first that knocks my fancy—wa'al,  
If he likes it or not, he'll wed this gal!  
He may fuss around and make a stir,  
But I guess that wedding's got to occur;  
That's my American character.  
The almighty dollar will buy, you bet,  
A superi-or class of co-ro-net.  
That's why I've come from over the way,  
From New York City of the U.S.A.—  
It's got to be, says La-la-ge Potts.

Miss Jerome is a very pretty American brunette, with sparkling eyes and a most bewitching American accent. She comes to us with an American reputation, having been under Mr. Augustin Daly's management for a year. Her first appearance in London was made at Mr. J. A. Cave's complimentary *matinée* at the Princess's, when she appeared in the farce "Who Speaks First?" She speaks in glowing terms of her present engagement, and her first night's success, which came so unexpectedly. Asked about the part, she says, "It seems so strange to be playing in burlesque, as my *forte* is undoubtedly comedy. The parts I excel in are such parts as Frou-Frou, and others like those played by Miss Emery and Miss Marion Terry. I feel sure those parts suit me much better than those like my present one. But, still, it is so very difficult to get a first hearing in London! and I should not have got this one if I hadn't nearly worried Mr. Lowenfeld's life out of him to give me a hearing. I cannot tell you how surprised I was at the success my song met with, and you must know I have never been taught singing or dancing in my life. I was so surprised at the way it went that for the moment I quite forgot the lines that follow the song. When I first broached the subject of becoming an actress to my people—a wish I had from my earliest childhood—I met with great opposition, but they are now quite reconciled to my wishes and aspirations." It is only three years since Miss Jerome left school.

## PRIMROSE LEAGUE LITERATURE.

## A CHAT WITH COLONEL G. B. MALLESON, C.S.I.

Colonel Malleison, who, since 1883, has been a member of the General Council of the Primrose League—filling successively the offices of Chairman of the Literature Committee and, for the last three years, that of Vice-Chairman of the General Purposes Committee—first became known to fame in 1857, by publishing in that year a brochure, entitled "The Red Pamphlet." Lord Derby spoke of it, in the House of Lords, as the ablest description he had ever read of the events of the Indian Mutiny, which was then raging. In Mysore, Colonel Malleison will be long remembered as the official and judicious guardian of the now late Maharajah of Mysore; while, as an ornate writer of Indian history, he has few, if any, rivals.

Since 1877, Colonel Malleison has devoted himself to politics, and, needless to say, to the Constitutional Party which, in 1882-3, inaugurated the Primrose League.

"I am curious to know, Colonel Malleison, as much as loyalty to the League permits you to say, about the literature which is regularly launched on the seas of the political constituencies?"

"The most important item in such literature consists of the 'leaflets.' These are very carefully prepared after due discussion among selected members of the Grand Council and of the Ladies' Committee, the final editing being the duty of the Chairman of the Literature Committee. They are invariably connected with the most interesting political subject of the day. Terseness, lucidity, and brilliancy of point are the essentials of their composition; attractiveness, as regards the size of type, and the limit of length to a single page, represent their general form. We circulate about two million of such leaflets annually."

"I suppose they may generally be divided as regards their composition on the principles of attack, defence, and instruction?"

"Yes. However, the defensive branch is at any rate the most numerous. A large proportion is undoubtedly devoted to denunciation and exposition of the falsehoods circulated by the Radical Party. Some are framed to disprove charges made against the aims and organisation of the League, such as accusations that the secrecy of the ballot is violated by the action or conduct of members of the Primrose League—I need scarcely say that not one tittle of reliable evidence has ever been adduced to support any charge of the kind—while other leaflets expound the general principles of the League, which, in its chief points, may be summed up into bringing home the importance of the maintenance of religion, of the Constitution, and of the British Empire. It is as great a

mistake to suppose that we are partisans of any particular church as that we are partisans of any special section of political thought. We are at one with any party which subscribes to the three tenets I have mentioned."

"To circulate your literature, you have a wide system of agency?"

"Naturally, and this comes within the duties of the Agency Committee. This committee has the appointment of agents throughout the nine provinces into which England is divided. It arranges for lecturers to accompany the magic-lanterns, which are sent broadcast throughout the rural districts. By means of suitable slides, which are carefully selected so as never to offend good taste, a patriotic system is sought to be engendered, and the malpractices of our opponents are truthfully exposed, while comic pictures of political incidents supply us with another weapon."

"Is the Primrose League as vigorous and full of life as of yore?"

"Even more so. Our monthly increase averages about three thousand fresh adherents. Since its inauguration, more than twelve hundred thousand persons have joined the League."

"And what are the duties of the General Purposes Committee?"

"They consist in examining all matters connected with the League, which are to be brought before the Grand Council, of which the chairman, Sir Algernon Borthwick, is Chancellor, and Mr. Lane-Fox Vice-Chancellor. The duties of the latter are to correspond with members of



COLONEL G. B. MALLESON, C.S.I.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

the League throughout the country, and to assist the Grand Council by advice, to visit personally those parts of the country requiring special supervision, and to interpret, when required, the statutes and regulations of the League, and this is done by Mr. Lane-Fox with a thoroughness which could not be surpassed. He is a good speaker, and carries with him the confidence of every member of the Grand Council."

"Of course, it is of great importance to employ the services of very efficient speakers?"

"Yes; and only those that have been tried in the fire, and have displayed a thorough knowledge of the political situation and the possession of an impressive style, are sent out."

"I suppose you greatly value the services of the ladies?"

"Enormously. It is by the assistance of the ladies, given freely and ungrudgingly, in preparing the ground for the elections, and in canvassing and working generally during election times, that we shall, in the end, conquer. The Ladies' Grand Council sets a brilliant example to the rest of our female supporters. I can never forget the untiring energy and devotion to the interests of the League which I observed among them when I was Chairman of the Literature Committee, as, for instance, by Lady Jersey, Lady Gwendolen Cecil, Lady Blythwood, and Lady Ancester. One great point of value in woman's work in the political world is the opportunities which present themselves of discussing, in simple words, the vexed questions of the day while sitting beside the hearth of the cottager, warning the rural voter especially against the specious promises of irresponsible agitators, and explaining the patriotic aims of the Primrose League."



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## HOW CARRIERS' HORSES ARE CARED FOR.

For long-distance transport, the carrier's cart has, of course, long been superseded by the goods train, but, thanks to the railway, traffic in goods throughout the country has increased to such an extent that, in collection and delivery service in great towns—simply in waiting upon the goods train—many more horses are now employed than sufficed for the whole carrying business in pre-railway days. In London alone about six thousand van-horses owned by railway companies ply through—and often block up—the streets; two thousand others are employed in parcel-van work by Carter, Paterson, and many more by Pickford, McNamara, and other cartage agents. The London and North-Western does a great deal of its Metropolitan cartage work through the agency of Messrs. Pickford, and the Great Eastern, like the Post Office, contracts with McNamara; but the Great Western, Midland, and Great Northern—not to mention minor railways—depend on their own studs entirely, and each of these three great companies has over one thousand equine servants in its London stables. In comfort and general well-being it is a distinct gain to the London carrier's horse that he is a member of a large stud. Cart-horses, stabled singly, are apt to get stowed away in some ill-constructed outhouse or gloomy basement; but companies which have horses to house by the hundred are, of course, obliged to erect special buildings for their accommodation, and can afford to fit these up in accordance with the most approved principles of construction and sanitation. In the design of these buildings, economy of ground-space is, of course, a ruling consideration. Thus at the Great Western's principal stables in South Wharf Road, Paddington, where five hundred "vanners" are housed, there are four floors of horses, one over the other, the top floor being almost as high as the adjacent hotel, with a look-out down on the station roof. Similarly at the Great Northern's City stables in Clerkenwell no horses are housed on the ground floor or in the basement, these having been utilised for the purposes of a goods warehouse. Up above, on two beautifully light and airy flats built round a glass-covered quadrangle, are the horse-dormitories, providing accommodation for nearly two hundred equine dossers. Entering the building below, the horses pick their way up peat-covered inclines to the balconies which run round the quadrangle on each floor. At the head of each incline stands a water-trough from which the thirsty home-comer refreshes himself before being unharnessed and led along the balcony to his allotted stall. Putting his nose in his manger, he finds his supper there ready for him, the hay and clover chaffed, the oats and beans crushed, and the whole mixed in proportions suitable to the equine constitution.

To see how provender is prepared for railway van-horses, according to the most approved principles, I paid a visit to the Great Northern Railway's provender stores at Holloway, whence about two hundred and fifty tons of mixed provender are sent out weekly, in over seven thousand sacks, for the use of the two thousand horses employed by this company on various parts of its system. The impressive feature of this building is the extent to which hand-labour has been superseded by machinery in the various operations carried on. By the use of zinc cups attached to endless bands—poetically called "Jacob's ladders"—and long screws working in wooden passages—unpoetically called "worms"—the oats and beans are carried or propelled from place to place in the building in the most ingenious manner, without the direct intervention of human agency. At various stages of their journey they are subjected to purifying processes, such as having a strong current of air passed over them to rid them of dust, being passed themselves through a double sieve, which frees them from alien seeds, and encountering a magnetic plate, which draws away nails, pins, and other metallic substances, such as, if allowed to remain in the food, might do serious injury to equine digestions. Finally, the corn is carried off to the crushing-mills to be crunched between steel rollers, while the hay, which has also been subjected to preliminary dust-removing operations, is minced up by the revolving knives of the chaff-cutters; all which done, the prepared ingredients are brought together in the mixing and measuring apparatus. This ingenious contrivance descends through the ceiling of the ground-floor in the shape of a pair of breeches, each leg of which deposits mixed provender into sacks as fast as these can be brought into position below to receive the descending food.

When such elaborate precautions are taken as to his diet, one might suppose the railway van-horse would never fall ill; but no amount of care as to food can ward off foot troubles, and this is the class of ailment to which horses who work on the London stones are particularly prone. Consequently, out of a stud of a thousand or more there are always a good few on the sick list, and on this account the larger railway and carrying companies provide not only special hospital-stables in town, but country convalescent homes, where invalids can have the benefit both of careful medical treatment and of fresh air and good grazing-meadows. The Great Northern establishment for this purpose adjoins that company's station at Totteridge, near Finchley, and is not more than half a mile away from a similar, but much older, horse-hospital belonging to Messrs. Pickford and Company. An interesting feature common to these two establishments is the possession by each of a Turkish bath, which is found of great value in purging the equine system, when, owing to lameness or other like cause, sufficient exercise cannot be obtained by patients. The hydropathic department at Totteridge includes also a shallow tank for foot-bathing, and a washing-room fitted up with a sort of shampooing apparatus. All these precautions, sanitary, dietetic, and medical, notwithstanding, the average working life in London of a carrier's horse is only six years—a fact that is eloquent of the severity of the work they do.

C. H. GRINLING.



## THE VALE ARTISTS.

## III.—LUCIEN PISSARRO.

Lucien Pissarro is the eldest son of the famous French Impressionist, Camille Pissarro, who, though he was working in the time of Manet, and before the advent of Degas, still retains the exquisite skill as a colourist



LUCIEN PISSARRO.—CHARLES SHANNON.

which has brought him to the front rank of contemporary art. Lucien Pissarro was the first artist in France to engrave his own work on wood, and may, perhaps, claim to have initiated much of the charming colour-printing now met with in France.

His work has appeared in the *Dial*, from which "Solitude" is taken.

He has just completed a little book called "The Queen of the Fishes," founded on an old Valois legend, from which it has been translated by Margaret Rust. This he has engraved with his own hand, and he has printed it in colours and gold. The production of this work, which is



SOLITUDE.—AN ENGRAVING ON WOOD BY LUCIEN PISSARRO.

being published by John Lane, and limited to a hundred and fifty copies, has taken him nearly a year, and many of the pages have received six printings. A photographic reproduction of one of the pages of the book is given here. In the original there are no fewer than six colours, including the border, which is of gold. Of course, the bright-light effects obtained cannot be reproduced.

The art education that Camille Pissarro gave his eldest son was peculiar in its simplicity. When he was but a boy, the father took him into the fields round their home in the heart of Normandy, and said, "Work, my son." And so the experience started, unfettered by the rules of Schools of Art. "All rules are arbitrary," said the famous old artist; "make your own, remembering only that Art is the expression of a man's individuality." So it came about that, by study in Nature's Academy, Lucien Pissarro progressed, and made his first public appearance in the *Revue Illustrée*, engraving his own illustrations for a story by Octave Mirbeau. An example of the eagerness with which the Vale artists watch contemporary progress is shown by the fact that, when Pissarro came to London, in later years, Ricketts welcomed him as the engraver of that story in the *Revue*. Moreover, Degas found the engravings so much to his liking that he wrote an encouraging letter to the young artist, offering him one of his own matchless drawings of a dancing-girl in exchange for a set of the proofs. It goes without saying that the offer was accepted, and the sketch hangs in Pissarro's studio, among many unfinished studies of his own.

Very few artists engrave their own work, and the idea of printing in colour with various blocks is entirely Pissarro's own. The result has been completely successful, and, with very slight touches of gold and silver, he has obtained the delicate effect of dew on grass, or sunlight on fallen leaves. These effects are just what is wanted to complete the



FROM "QUEEN OF THE FISHES."

charm of his work, which, though robust and cheerful, is slight and simple in design. This simplicity is not without charm, reflecting, as it does, the atmosphere of the quaint old-world Normandy villages in which the artist studied. Nay, more; in his bold, though often arbitrary, handling of fanciful and delicate subjects, he has something of the artistic spontaneity which characterised Blake in his lighter moods, notably in the "Songs of Innocence." Granted that he lacks that intensity of purpose so evident in Blake's work, it may be recollected, to his advantage, that he deals with idyllic subjects.

The "Queen of the Fishes" has almost the richness of a missal, and has the added interest to collectors of being a "block" book, in the strictest sense of the term; while, despite the time and labour of its accomplishment, Pissarro has found time to publish a portfolio simultaneously with that of Shannon, to which I have already referred. This portfolio contains his reproduction of his father's designs, and is of great interest so far as it combines the work of the veteran, whose labour is near completion, with that of the enthusiast, whose success is just commencing.

In common with his brethren of the Vale, Pissarro is an intense lover of Japanese Art, and the happy possessor of some very old designs by great Japanese artists. Perhaps these have taught him his hatred of conventionality and complete disregard of the dogmas of schools. Yet those who are familiar with his work, and can appreciate its



simplicity and truth, can have no possible ground for complaint in the fact that he has elected to treat Nature as he has found her rather than seek inspiration second-hand. Such a training as his might well have been disastrous to an artist who acquires art as others acquire knowledge of law or medicine; but for the man who inherits the true instinct, freedom is the best possible aid. It saves all the worry of learning first and discarding afterwards, and keeps a man from falling into the rut of commonplace mediocrity, which is surely the worst fate that can befall



**I was a little woodcutter, but now I am the KING of the FOREST!** And as he finished speaking, before the man's bewildered gaze, the boy changed into a grand oak tree, with branches shooting up gold tipped to the sun & stretching wide arms to the horizon. For a while the old man stood awestruck, but a dead leaf fluttering down touched his face & aroused him. With a yell he shook his stick at the tree: "I will kill you yet," & he rushed back into the

FROM "QUEEN OF THE FISHES."

him. Success is glorious; failure is pardonable, and possibly meritorious; but mediocrity is nothing better than absolute failure decked out in the garb of moderate success.

There is one curious fact I have so far forgotten to note. Lucien Pissarro came to England with an introduction to Shannon and Ricketts, whose work had attracted much attention in France and Belgium. When he arrived he discovered that the Continent had been first in recognising the Vale and its workers.

THEOCRITUS.

#### IN MEMORY OF OLD IZAAK.

There has been a little crowd almost daily peering through the railings of St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet Street, for the white marble mural tablet in memory of Walton has attracted their notice.

To the Memory of  
**Izaak Walton.**  
Born at Stafford Aug. ix<sup>th</sup> mdcxiii. Died Dec. xv<sup>th</sup> mdcclxxxiii.  
Buried in Winchester Cathedral.

Author of "The Compleat Angler," also of the "Lives" of  
D<sup>r</sup> Donne, Richard Hooker, George Herbert, D<sup>r</sup> Sanderson, &c.

WALTON resided for many years in Fleet Street at the corner of  
Chancery Lane (West side), and between 1632 and 1644  
was an Overseer of the Poor, a Sidesman, and a Vestryman of this Parish;  
he was also a Member of the Ironmongers Company.

THIS TABLET, and the STAINED GLASS WINDOW  
on the North West side of this Church, were erected by some Anglers  
and other admirers of Walton in the month of April 1895.

James Booty,  
Joseph Crowther,

Churchwardens,  
St Dunstan in the West.

W. Martin . . . . . Rector.

## THE HOME OF THE ALIEN IMMIGRANT.

In what was once a gentleman's mansion in Leman Street, Goodman's Fields, not many doors from the whilom Garrick Theatre, there is located an institution known as the "Poor Jews' Temporary Shelter." It is a haven of refuge for the Russian and Polish immigrant on his arrival in London. Batches of fifty and sixty at the time are lodged and fed for a week or two while they are finding work or friends in this country, or until they are ready to start again for other countries. The Leman Street Shelter being a sort of clearing-house for Jewish immigrants and emigrants, it affords an opportunity for studying the Alien Immigration question on the spot, so to speak. I do not (writes a correspondent) think the time wasted which I spent the other day on a visit to this institution. A number of inmates had that day arrived straight from the Russian "Pale of Settlement," and I found them, at five o'clock in the afternoon, seated at dinner. A long table, running the length of two dining-rooms, was taken up. They were all men, and, for the most part, young men, looking very destitute, and bringing to the savoury fare set before them ravenous appetites. Each diner was provided with a basin of strong soup and half a loaf of bread, white or brown. The women, I ascertained, were cared for in a separate home. From the dining-rooms I passed into the dormitories, which are clean and orderly.

"You seem to be doing a useful work. What was the origin of your institution?" I asked the busy superintendent.

"We came into existence in 1885, principally with the object of rescuing immigrants on their arrival from the clutches of crimps. These land-sharks used to lie in wait at the docks, and, under the guise of friendship, fleece the new-comers of all they possessed. The poor greeners, landing in a strange country, and not knowing the language, fell an easy prey to their designs. They would be decoyed to the sweating-dens, and, when their little all was swallowed up in exorbitant charges for board and lodging, they were completely at the mercy of their persecutors. But, thanks to our efforts, this is now a thing of the past. Our officers meet every Hamburg vessel on its arrival at the Port of London, and so successfully has our work been carried out that we have been requested by the Local Government Board to undertake the reception of all immigrants, irrespective of creed, who are detained by the Sanitary Authorities. For the last two years we have, therefore, met all arrivals from the Continent, and we conduct them, free of charge, to their addresses, which we enter and report to the Medical Authorities. Besides saving immigrants from expense and the trouble of unnecessary detention, and protecting them from robbery, we enable the local authorities to take more effective precautions against the spread of infectious disease than would otherwise be possible."

"Your immigrants do not all settle in London?"

"Very few of them do; the majority are *en route* for other countries. It is our business to take care of them between their landing here and the resumption of their journey. Some of them have little more than their passage-money. If they were to run into debt, they could not continue their voyage. Others, again, bring large sums of money with them—as much even as £400—and they have to be protected from crimps."

"What countries do your inmates make for?"

"Out of 1874 received into the shelter last year, 500 went to South Africa, 201 to the United States, 107 to South America, 106 to Australia, and 103 to Canada." In former years the bulk of emigration was to North America, and very few made for the Cape."

"How many of the 1874 have remained in the United Kingdom?"

"Three hundred and twenty-eight. At least, this is the number of those who are not *en route* for other countries; but it is certain that they don't all settle here permanently. After a time many of them who find it difficult to get on, or are sent for by their relatives, will no doubt go abroad, or they may return to their own country. But when once they have passed through the Shelter we have no record of their movements."

"Have you repatriated any?"

"Yes, 412, against 88 last year and 71 the year before."

"That seems hopeful. Is it an indication that the persecutions in Russian are slackening, and the people are anxious to return home?"

"The Russian persecution has been somewhat relaxed during the past few years, but it is too soon to look for any definite results of the element policy towards the Jews which it is believed the Russian Government will now adopt."

"How do you account for this increase?"

"By the fact that '92 was the year of the cholera scare, when emigrants from the 'Pale of Settlement' were stopped at the frontier by the German Government. The cordon is now relaxed."

"Are the immigrants provided with callings?"

"In most cases. Our 1874 inmates included 317 tailors, 140 dealers, 133 carpenters, 116 bootmakers, 80 merchants, besides agriculturists, mechanics, engineers, engine-drivers, stonemasons, bricklayers, blacksmiths, glass-blowers, and other occupations too numerous to mention. Three hundred and forty-six were, however, without a calling."

"What is the usual procedure in regard to your inmates?"

"On their arrival they take a bath, and, if necessary, their clothes are disinfected. The men are not allowed to remain on the premises during the day. Between breakfast and dinner, the two meals with which we supply them, they turn out. This gives those who are going to settle in London an opportunity of looking for work, and enables us to keep our premises absolutely sweet and wholesome."

"Yes, it is not impossible that the time may come when the stream of immigration will cease, and we shall be able to close the Shelter altogether. But that time is not yet."



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AS MRS. EBBSMITH, AT THE GARRICK.

*Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*



*"I am quite myself again, Lucas, dear."*



*The rescue of the Bible from the stove.*



*"I've anathematised my womanhood often enough."*



*"Lucas, dear, when I have learnt to pray again, I will remember you every day of my life."*



## SMALL TALK.

The Queen has greatly benefited by her stay at Nice, and the rheumatism in her knees has been much less troublesome, probably owing to the dry, warm atmosphere of the Riviera. At times her Majesty has been able to walk about her apartments without any assistance, save that afforded by a couple of sticks, and she is now in excellent health and spirits. Her Majesty will travel direct from Nice to Darmstadt, where she is expected to arrive on Saturday next. The Emperor William will meet the Queen at Darmstadt, but it is not expected that he will stay there for more than one day, and it is very doubtful if the Empress will be able to accompany him. On the day following her arrival at Darmstadt her Majesty will drive to the Rosenhohe, in order to visit the mausoleum in which the late Grand Duke Ludwig and Princess Alice are buried, and will bring some very beautiful wreaths and crosses from the Riviera to place upon their coffins. The Queen's servants, horses, carriages, donkey, and dogs, and all the heavy luggage, will go from Nice to Calais direct by special train, *en route* for Windsor.

The Queen is to come up to Buckingham Palace from Windsor on Tuesday, May 7, to hold the Drawing-Room fixed for the 8th. The Court will return to Windsor Castle on Thursday, the 9th, leaving Buckingham Palace about five o'clock.

This year's list of Birthday Honours will be a long one, and it is to include some peerages and baronetcies, several new knights, and a goodly number of creations and promotions in the Bath, the St. Michael and St. George, and the Indian Orders. The Queen will hold the next investiture at Windsor Castle during the first week in July.

It is exceedingly doubtful whether the Queen will hold the second May Drawing-Room herself, but the question will not be definitely settled until after her Majesty has returned to Windsor from the Continent. If the Queen does not attend, then Princess Christian will probably take the presentations, as it is very unlikely that the Princess of Wales will be induced to undergo the fatigue of a Drawing-Room, and, indeed, it is highly possible that she will have left for the Continent before this function takes place.

The King of the Belgians goes to Ostend for the summer early in June. The royal chalet is being generally refurbished, and several distinguished guests are expected there during the coming season. It is not generally known that Colonel North recently purchased a large block of land, extending from the royal chalet for a considerable distance along the coast-line, where he intends to put up a large hotel, lay out gardens, and let the remainder on building leases. Ostend is one of the healthiest places in Europe, and no doubt the gallant Colonel will eventually make a very pretty profit out of the transaction.

The German Emperor will again visit Cowes this year, during the R. Y. S. regatta week. The programme of his visit will be the same as it was last year, unless the Emperor, on this occasion, arrives in time to go to Goodwood on the Cup Day. The only Court function in connection with the visit will be a couple of banquets given by the Queen in the Indian Room at Osborne, and an entertainment given by the Prince of Wales on board one of the royal yachts. The Emperor is also to dine with the members of the R. Y. S. at the Castle, West Cowes. The Emperor will be accompanied to England by his brother, Prince Henry of Prussia.

In the bad old days when, being of tender age, I was compelled, much against my will, to go to school, I was taught that there existed in Crete a certain labyrinth wherein dwelt a certain objectionable Minotaur. Then, in the years devoted to classics, several old gentlemen, such as Ovid and Virgil, if my memory serves me truly, went off into long-winded descriptions of this maze, and I was required to translate what they had written. All this time I had never seen anything better than the labyrinths at Hampton Court and the Crystal Palace, where there isn't a Minotaur to be seen. I have, however, at last discovered a labyrinth in the heart of London. It is called Spring Gardens, and from there came a letter requesting me to pay a tax. As I object to paying anybody for anything, I started out to kill the man who wrote the letter. I entered Spring Gardens from Pall Mall, near the offices of the London County Council, on a fine morning a week ago. I felt strong, and ready for active exercise; no anticipation of evil disturbed me. My object was simply to find the man who wanted me to pay taxes, and to give him to understand that I was not "having any." If he surrendered his claim, well and good; if he were obstinate—well, his blood would be upon his own head.

I turned to the left and walked into a sort of square with some tumbled-looking houses. Finding nothing better than a *cul-de-sac*, I retraced my steps, went down a lane, up a turning, and round several corners. Far away on the left came a glimpse of Charing Cross and Trafalgar Square, but in Spring Gardens was a deadly silence. The numbers would not come right; they reached to within a couple of the one I required, and then danced off in another series. At length I recognised that this place must be a labyrinth with a tax-collecting Minotaur in some horrid passage by the side of one of the deserted alleys. I had walked for hundreds of yards, sometimes seeing the Strand,

sometimes Waterloo Place, through some sudden opening. All at once I heard a sound coming nearer and nearer. I crept to the side of a dingy-looking erection labelled "Admiralty Department," and prepared to sell my life dearly. I drew my umbrella from its sheath and a sonnet I had written the night before from my pocket-book, and felt like a Theseus at twelve-stone-ten awaiting the Minotaur's approach. The sound came nearer and nearer, and a moment later there dashed round from a dark corner a hansom-cab. A messenger-boy jumped out, and I almost immediately jumped in. "The — Club, as quickly as you can!" I cried, and a few minutes later I was in the midst of safety and civilisation. But it was a narrow escape, and my adventure is a great argument in favour of the abolition of taxes.

I see a firm of publishers has been complaining because a certain literary organ refuses to review books which are not advertised in its columns. "If you won't do business with us," says the organ to the publishers, "we won't do business with you." The publishers are indignant not so much on their own account as in the interests of impartial criticism. They want to know what a literary organ exists for, if not to tell its readers the books they ought to read. This seems to me to put the organ into an awkward position. It would be still more awkward if the subscribers were to say to the editor, "As we observe that you do not notice a considerable number of interesting works which are reviewed elsewhere, we shall not take your paper any more."

Unmindful of Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mrs. Patrick Campbell wants to play Juliet, and it is not improbable that she may be seen in that character at the Lyceum when Mr. Forbes Robertson plays Romeo. As such a combination will certainly draw all London, I would suggest to Mr. Shaw that he should revise his economics of the stage. He has deplored the high rents and the high prices, and, by way of filling the treasury, he proposes that our leading actresses should play Ibsen. It is just as unlikely that rents will come down in London as that actresses will want to devote themselves exclusively to plays which, whatever their merits, do not attract the paying public. Here is an economic factor for Mr. Shaw to break his mind upon. Moreover, when Mrs. Patrick Campbell plays Juliet, she will do so of her own free accord, and not merely to sacrifice herself to the actor-manager, which Mr. Shaw quaintly supposes to be the habit of leading ladies. Further, it is worthy of consideration that to play Juliet well demands a talent quite as great as any we have seen in our Nora Hilmers and Hedda Gablers.

When will those ingenious writers of provincial melodrama have worked out the vein of stage scientific sensations? A play called "Our Guardian Angel" is shortly going "on the road" with a steam-reaper as its principal property. This appliance, which is of the family of the steam-roller, steam-hammer, and circular-saw of the boards, will be introduced into a scene faithfully representing an English harvest. In another new drama the chief sensation is a steam-crane.

The closing concert of the "Pops" was a great social as well as musical event. The hall was crowded to its fullest extent; almost all the "old familiar faces" could be seen in the stalls, with some faces, also, that are not so familiar. For example, Mrs. Mary Davies was taking a rare holiday, and evidently thoroughly enjoying it. One could not help thinking of certain frequenters of the "Pops" who have passed away since the season began. Chevalier Tito Pagliardini is one of the latest of these. No more shall I see his handsome figure half-way down the stalls, listening intently to the music. The programme on April 8 was really too long in its excellence. We began with a noble rendering of Brahms' Sextet in B flat, the third movement of which was magnificently played. Then Mr. David Bispham sang admirably a song by Brahms, after which Mdlle. Eibenschütz and Mr. Leonard Borwick showed what the young school of pianists is like at its best. Madame Sapio gave two songs, of which the first, by Glück, was suitable to her voice and style. Next, Miss Fanny Davies joined with Herr Hugo Becker in an exceedingly good performance of Mendelssohn's Theme with Variations in D major. The second part began with Hungarian Dances, inimitably played by Dr. Joachim and Mdlle. Eibenschütz; and Mr. Bispham melodiously asked "Who is Sylvia?"—a question quite appropriate to the preceding concert, when Miss Sylvia Rita was the vocalist. The conclusion of a delightful evening was Schumann's Pianoforte Quartet in E flat. Now we shall have to wait till November, when the concerts will be resumed.

Miss Ida Heron was led to adopt the dramatic profession through playing in private theatricals with Mr. Christie Murray. An engagement having been procured for her at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, Miss Heron remained there for some time, playing the part of Maggie Westwood in "A Woman's Revenge," and the Widow White in "Mr. and Mrs. White." She made a hit as Grace Lineott in "The Doctor's Story," and was offered very good terms to go on tour in this part. She was, however, compelled to decline this offer, having previously arranged with that experienced stage-manager, Mr. Robert Soutar, to support him in a series of sketches which he proposes producing shortly. Recently, Miss Heron was specially engaged by Miss Kate Santley for the part of Violet in "Her Guardian," played at the Royalty Theatre in front of "That Terrible Girl." The dress in the portrait is that worn by her at Collins's Music-Hall in a sketch called "The Moinus Club," by W. Heron Brown.





MISS IDA HERON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.



Miss Nita Carlyon seems to have a keen sense of the grotesque in costume if the judges at the Covent Garden Balls are true critics, for within the past three seasons she has carried off nearly four hundred pounds' worth of prizes. Her most recent success was her geranium costume, which won the second prize, a thirty-guinea sculling skiff.



MISS NITA CARLYON.

Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

Miss Carlyon designed the dress herself—she likes designing better, indeed, than wearing her strange disguises. It was made by her own dressmaker, Miss F. Hadley, of Clapham, the hat, which measured two and a half feet across, being made by Evans, of Oxford Street. I shall not be surprised to hear of Miss Carlyon starting as a professional dress-designer.

The numerous friends and admirers of Mr. August Manns assembled in their hundreds to welcome his reappearance at the Crystal Palace on the occasion of the recent Wagner Concert. His ill-health has kept him from the Saturday Concerts for some weeks, and brought to the conductor's seat many musicians whose fame is more familiar to Sydenham audiences than their faces. Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Mr. F. H. Cowen, Dr. Hubert Parry, and Sir Arthur Sullivan have in turn done duty excellently well, but we all missed the white-haired veteran who has done so much to make the Palace Concerts famous throughout England—indeed, I might almost say Europe. On the occasion of his reappearance he took the orchestra through the greater part of "The Flying Dutchman," and his beat was as strong and true as ever. The enthusiasm was genuine and pardonable. It burst forth when he was seen mounting the stairs, it was sustained until he had bowed acknowledgments again and again. Not until the orchestra started the overture did it quite die away, then only to wake again with the end of the performance. One may safely predict a crowded concert-room on Saturday, April 27, when Mr. Manns takes his annual benefit. Rumour says that he will shortly be the recipient of divers congratulatory addresses and similar things. They are well deserved.

Apropos of the Bach Festival at Queen's Hall, a recent statement that, twenty-five years ago, Bach's choral music was practically unknown in England is certainly open to dispute. The St. Matthew's Passion Music was performed, April 6, 1870, and Feb. 15, 1871, at St. James's Hall, under the conductorship of Mr. (now Sir Joseph) Barnby, by the old Novello Oratorio Choir. It was also sung in Westminster Abbey on the Wednesday afternoon in Holy Week, April 1, 1874, when, by special request of Lady Augusta Stanley, the ladies of the choir took part in performing the music which they had rehearsed. A lady who contributed her share towards this interesting representation tells me that she and her comrades of the same sex were dressed in black and occupied a position in the nave behind the regular choir. In those days a female chorister was a *rara avis* indeed, and the appearance of the ladies in the Abbey was regarded as quite an innovation. The St. Matthew's Passion Music was sung to English words by Miss H. F. H. Johnston.

It is also interesting to note that when the Lenten performances at St. Anne's, Soho, were started, Mr. Barnby held the post of organist at that church. All musicians are familiar with the good work done in this direction by the late Canon Wade and his family. I find, on looking up authorities, that a performance of part of the St. Matthew's Passion Music was given at St. Paul's on April 8, 1873, the Tuesday in Passion Week, and that it was done by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, also under Mr. Barnby, Feb. 12, 1873.

I was sorry to hear that the subscriptions to the cot at that admirable institution, the Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children, which lovers of the late Corney Grain hope to endow there in his memory, have not been pouring in as fast as desired. I cannot help thinking that this slowness in response to such an appeal results merely from the fact that the scheme has not been sufficiently widely advertised. There must be thousands of the public who have laughed till their sides ached at the wit of the late popular humorist, who would, if they knew of it, gladly give their mite or their guinea in such a cause. I trust that a word in this column may be the means of endowing another bed for so well-deserving a charity in memory of one whom English lovers of blameless humour will not easily forget.

It quite takes one's breath away to read of the proceedings at the first anniversary celebration of a so-called Widows' Union ("Wittweverein") which recently took place at Dresden. These ladies—who were certainly gay and merry widows, even if the composite appellation, "grass-widow," has to be denied them—amused themselves by giving a concert in which humorous songs were well represented, and, afterwards, they took part in a lively and animated dance, which was kept up until the small hours. Suppose any stray "late lamented" could have returned for the nonce from the shades, his reflections about "la Donna Mobile" would have been melancholy indeed!

The advertising tipsters, many of whom have been starving all the winter, have commenced business once more, and we read in their announcements of the wonderful winners they have given in the past. What puzzles one is as to how some of these men find the money to pay for their advertisements, which are, I may add, charged for at "war prices."

The time (writes a correspondent) is seemingly ripe to approach the southern lines with a view to the general reduction of fares to and from race-meetings. In the North, "cheap trippers" have advantages in this respect unknown to Londoners, and it is evident that cheap fares could be made to return a handsome profit in the South as well as the North. The racing-clubs should move in the matter; and I think they would meet with more or less success, as the present managers of the southern railways display great enterprise, apart from the racing-man's position.



JACK.

Photo by Wayland and Co., Blackheath.



ON BOARD H.M.S. NORTHAMPTON.

*Photographs by Messrs. Gregory and Co.*



SAILORS OF SIX MONTHS' TRAINING AND RECRUITS.



THE CREW OF H.M.S. NORTHAMPTON.



The death of Camille Doucet, Secretary of the French Academy, will, of course, bring Emile Zola forward once more as a candidate for election to the honour upon which his heart is set. Whether the Immortals will persist in their hopeless endeavour to crush the author of the "Rougon-Macquart" series will shortly be seen. They would do as well to cast out all animosity, and admit the realist without further delay. He will be ever at their side until they give in. It is all very well for them to ignore him, to admit men whose names have scarcely reached the suburbs of Paris, but they are injuring their own prestige, and creating fresh sympathisers for the creator of "Nana." Just as he went through his awful work in laying bare the social ulcers of his country, so Emile Zola has besieged the Academy, steadfastly and surely, without losing sight of the aim he has in view, without doubting that he will triumph in the end. Perhaps it will not be Camille Doucet's seat that will be allotted to him; but, in any case, his admission cannot be long delayed, for, despite his occasional brutality, he is a superb novelist, whose works force their moral even upon those who read them for amusement. The Academy has lost Alphonse Daudet; it cannot afford to lose Zola—not that there is much danger of such an occurrence.

Yesterday (the 16th) the great Feast of the Passover, with its quaint rites and innumerable ceremonials, came to an end. For the ultra-orthodox of the Jewish community, the festival commenced early on the morning of the 8th, so that it lasted nearly nine days, although, I believe, the Bible ordains but seven. The general public is just reminded of its existence by published accounts of the aspect of "The Lane" on the night before the holiday, when the princes and paupers of Judaism meet for a few hours on terms of frank equality. The most interesting point of the institution is, to my mind, the scrupulous exactness with which its minutiae are observed by the poorest of the East-Enders. The care with which they remove all leaven from their houses, the exquisite interest they take in ceremonials destined to commemorate the slaying of the first-born and the salvation of the Israelites as related in Exodus—these things seem the more remarkable in a land where atheism and agnosticism, together with numerous other "isms," have as much room as they want. The devotion of the poor Jew to his religion is, from all points of view, worthy of remark.

Mr. Sydney Grundy has written to the *Daily Telegraph* protesting against the removal of Mr. Oscar Wilde's name from the play-bills at the Haymarket and St. James's Theatres—

I wonder on what principle of law, or justice, or common sense, or good manners, or Christian charity, an author's name is blotted from his work. If a man is not to be credited with what he has done well, by what right is he punished for what he has done ill?

Upon which the *Westminster Gazette* offers the following well-judged comment—

There were two courses, and, in justice, only two. One was to withdraw the plays, the other to proceed and leave the author's name. The first has, it seems, been taken in America; while here in England a characteristic compromise has been adopted. We go on with the plays, but pretend that they are written—by nobody.

Sentiment, of course, is never logical, and in the present case it is not a bad sign that even an illogical sentiment should be strong. But, after the first indignation, we hope that something like a fair view of this matter will prevail.

No one, hitherto, has discovered any taint of corruption in these plays. On the contrary, one of them at least has given many hundreds of people a healthy and excellent entertainment. We cannot see that the sternest morality requires us to deny that the plays are good, or that they can be enjoyed without harm to any human being. Still less does it require us to pass a perpetual ban upon this or any other man, and say that he shall never again do what he can do well because he has done other things indescribably ill. That would be to waste a force which has added to our pleasure, and, what may weigh with some people—to declare that the man himself, being down, shall for ever remain down. The public likes to think that men are all black or all white, but it is not true even of the worst or the best of us.

Few Parliamentary candidatures will be followed with so much interest as that of Mr. Rider Haggard, who is to contest East Norfolk. Mr. Haggard has a much larger *clientèle* than the ordinary embryo M.P., and in Norfolk his family have long been known. As his constituency is in the neighbourhood of the Broads, it is said he is to take a wherry to wander about among the electors. Mr. Haggard intends making the absolute necessity of remedial measures for the condition of agriculture the chief point in his programme. Should he win, he is likely to become the Member for Africa.

The residents in "gay Paree" ought, by rights, to be living in fear and trembling. As far back as 1544, a certain friar, Philip Olivarius, of the Abbey of Cîteaux, a man of some repute in his day, published a singular prophecy with regard to the term set to things mortal. According to Olivarius, "In the year 1896 Paris will disappear, never to be seen again. Much ill and little good will happen at that time, and many a great city will perish by fire." Not content with this, the Friar Philip further averred that the year 1899 would see the end of the world. That would make it *fin de siècle* in a double sense, wouldn't it?

In a chat with a lady house-agent, which recently appeared in these pages, it was stated that another lady house-agent, Miss Langley, of Reading, confines herself to houses on the Thames. Miss Langley, who has since 1884 carried on the large establishment of the late Mr. George Lovejoy, the well-known bookseller and librarian, informs me that this is not so, for Miss Langley has had on her books during the past twelve years not only riverside houses, but houses, furnished and unfurnished, situated in all parts of the kingdom, and some on the Continent. She publishes, by the way, "The Southern Counties Estates Register."

Some distance outside the town of Genoa lies the Campo Santa. Its artificial and prosy corridors are full of marble monuments. But up on the hillside in the silence is to be seen a mound with an imposing entrance consisting of a massive lintel supported by two Doric columns. On the lintel are the two words—

GIUSEPPE MAZZINI,

the only inscription on the tomb where lies the great Italian who "suddenly parted from a lifelong sorrow to immortal peace." He is laid to his long rest in the city of his birth and the country of his love. No more fitting monument could be conceived than that represented in the accompanying picture. On the top are piled rugged stones. In front is to be seen a smaller gravestone, beneath which Mazzini's mother lies. The inscription on her tomb runs—

MARIA MAZZINI,  
MADRE DELL' ESULE  
GIUSEPPE MAZZINI,  
MORTA 11 AUG., 1852.

This spot, so sacred to all Italians, was in danger of being altogether despoiled by Mazzini's too-ardent admirers, so that it has been found necessary to surround it with an extensive railing, the staves of which represent Roman fasces.



MR. RIDER HAGGARD AS A PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATE, AND HIS BULL-DOG, POACHER.





ON BOARD H.M.S. NORTHAMPTON.

*Photographs by Messrs. Gregory and Co.*



THE FOOTBALL TEAM OF H.M.S. NORTHAMPTON.



"PREPARE FOR CAVALRY."



## A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

The protest of "A Philistine" in the *Westminster Gazette* against the "sexuality" of current fiction finds some rather halting echoes in the April reviews. Mrs. Crackenthorpe, in the *Nineteenth Century*, is all for freedom in the modern novel; and Mr. Ashcroft Noble, in the *Contemporary*, is all for the freedom of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," which is free enough in all conscience; yet both these critics want to draw a line, and do not see that the moral frontier is just as hazardous and uncertain as the scientific. Mr. Noble's efforts to find a boundary which shall satisfy both the moralist and the novelist have quite a pathetic interest. He is like a conscientious Commissioner in the hill country of the passions trying to set up a barrier of morals against the incursions of lawless tribes of savage artists. First he takes a quotation from Dr. Martineau, and drives it into the ground as if it were a flagstaff of virtue. "Not rules of quantity, but habits of forgetfulness, constitute our emancipation from the animal nature." To this the novelist might retort: "Very well; but, as man does not forget his animal instinct, it is no business of mine to say that he is emancipated." As Mr. Noble admits this by citing "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" with fervent admiration, what has Dr. Martineau to do in this galley?

But, then, Mr. Noble goes on to reprove Mr. Henry James for asserting that a novel is worthless when it deals with only half of life. "The reference," says Mr. Noble, "is evidently to the sexual passion; but is that passion the half of life or the tenth part of life to the majority of mature men and women?" Well, what is it that, on Mr. Noble's admission, interests mature men and women most in fiction? Is Mr. Hardy's novel concerned with "travel, sport, personal ambition, public interests"—the things which Mr. Noble supposes to form the main current of thought and feeling? What is the chief theme, both of the greatest literature and of the average English tale? What do "mature men and women" care to read about in novels, if it is not the eternal story of sexual attraction? Mr. Henry James's complaint is that English novelists, as a rule, do not handle this theme with knowledge and courage, in a manner that "treats of life at large and helps us to know." And our conscientious Commissioner, who is struggling to delimit the moral frontier, first denies that the sexual passion is of paramount importance, and then takes his stand on a famous novel which is concerned with nothing else.

Human nature, like murder, "will out," or rather, it is more vociferous than that crime which has by no means the "miraculous organ" that Hamlet imagined. Yet the moralists would have us treat "sexuality in fiction," if not with the "habits of forgetfulness," at least with a distorted propriety that reminds me of the fate of the witch in "Hansel and Gretel." This old lady has a deplorable passion for eating children. She puts them in an oven where they must be done to a cinder, and she is so simple-minded that she allows the hero and heroine, by a very childlike stratagem, to tip her into the fire. After that, all the children she has destroyed come to life again, and make merry over her charred remains. The moral effect of this is that you sympathise with the witch, who has a delightful voice and a most entertaining dance. In the same way, the glimpses of animal instinct in the ordinary fable of the circulating library are not at all forbidding. You have a sneaking kindness for the monster, and, however mature you may be, you turn to novels of a bolder type without any of that stern and repressive virtue which ought to come with increasing years. If I were "A Philistine," instead of protesting against the "sexuality" of advanced fiction, I should lift up my voice to condemn the exemplary novel-writing which is largely the cause of the literary development that has startled some middle-aged gentlemen out of their easy-chairs. After a period of fairy tales, under an unintelligent social censorship, how can you wonder that audacity throws off the trammels of tradition and rushes into excess? Forty years ago Thackeray complained in the preface to "Pendennis" that since the time of Fielding no British novelist had been allowed to draw a man. In what respect are we more virtuous than in the days of Tom Jones? And when the critic looks at the novels of the new English school, what does he think has been gained by our "habits of forgetfulness"?

Instead of vaguely or vehemently protesting against the extravagance of "sexuality in fiction," surely it were a better plan to examine the claim of each performance to be an artistic representation of life from its own standpoint. When many 'prentice-hands are busy

readjusting the social system, there is sure to be a good deal of inexperience. On the other hand, it is just possible that the critic who is certain as to what the social system is now and ever shall be, may suffer from the over-confidence of the short-sighted. Mr. H. D. Traill says there is so much "alarming cleverness" about, that it is not easy even for the experienced observer to tell the difference between literary talent and true genius. It may be just as difficult to distinguish the trusted convention from the profound and permanent truth. I have not met the "expansive democrat" who, according to Mr. Traill, maintains that beauty, genius, and culture may be shared by the whole community; and I suspect that he is as much a figment as that social crisis in which, Mr. Traill tells us, the world will seek refuge in "stupidity" to preserve a tranquil mind. That is rather like the desperate speculation of the man who stands on the ancient ways, and is distressed by the whirl of ideas which are new and unpleasant to him, and therefore bad. It is a painful experience that comes to all of us sooner or later. When the critic says it needs the finest palate and the most scrupulous conscience to separate the plenitude of talent from the real article, he may mean simply that the real article represents the limitations within which he has been trained.

A simple solution of this puzzle is kindly provided by the author of "The Curse of Intellect." In this agreeable satire a monkey is snatched from his native wilds, civilised, endowed with a literary taste, which leads him to study the real article. Before he is taken by his mentor to the haunts of men, he reads the elder novelists, and is as indignant at their misrepresentations of human frailty as Mr. Noble or Mr. Traill at the new "sexuality." He is certain that his lately acquired intellect can have no commerce save with the most exalted ideals, that man is a demigod who puts his faculties to the noblest uses. He is brought to London, and speedily convinced that the human race is lower than the beasts, and that intellect is the root of all evil. His theology becomes rather obscure, but he is sure of one thing, and that is the superiority of the brute creation to man. Had he been left a mere monkey, happy in arboreal pastimes, and in the simple nourishment of the cocoa-nut; he would have been spared the degradation of humanity. So he turns on his teacher and rends him.

This may not be sound doctrine, but it saves a lot of trouble. Instead of fatiguing your palate and conscience with the inquiry whether the intellect you don't agree with is the real article, how much simpler to ban intellect altogether, and envy the primitive innocence of the apes! Anyway, this is better than the "stupidity" to which Mr. Traill, with a waggish turn of his practised pen, threatens to retire if the "alarming cleverness" of our young writers continues to augment. How refreshing to the toil-worn reviewer to picture himself swinging by his tail in the forest, instead of wondering whether the hero of "A Pastoral Played Out" would really have received with calm the announcement of the heroine that she had smothered her baby! He is also a reviewer, and that may be the reason why the beautiful Gylda's confession of murder moves him not a jot. Have we here the hint of a philosophy by which the curse of intellect may be averted? If we cannot go back to the halcyon days of our simian ancestors, let us all turn reviewers, and so acquire a fortitude which shall be proof against all the ills of life and all the surprises of fiction. I offer this suggestion to Mr. Traill as a more blessed consolation than even the real article. But, alack! the reviewer has his conventions and his prejudices, and if he is not staggered by a smothered baby, he may throw up his hands at Mrs. Ebbsmith. So comes my fit again!

A fortnight ago I remonstrated with "A. B. W." about his views of Congreve. Mr. W. J. Lawrence, who is an authority on the history of scenic art, writes to me from Belfast: "If Mr. Walkley states that Congreve wrote for a stage which was 'open to the spectators on three sides,' he will find it difficult to make good that assertion. It seems to me he has been misled by the frontispiece to Kirkman's *Drolls* (1672), depicting the Red Bull at that period. The old house, dating from the time of James I., was not utilised after the Restoration for ordinary theatrical representations. Besides, Congreve's first piece was not produced until twenty years later. In 1692 the Duke's Theatre and the Theatre Royal were both fully equipped with scenery, and each had the proscenium-arch with the entering-doors, as frequently referred to in the printed copies of contemporary dramas. With the illustrations to Settle's 'Empress of Morocco'—unless Mr. Walkley is quibbling on the point that a portion of the audience was permitted behind the scenes—I fail to see how he makes out that the theatre of 1692 or thereabouts was open on three sides. I am prepared, by means of citations from contemporary plays, to show that the theatre in Congreve's time was subdivided very much as now."





MISS HETTY HAMER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.



## A QUEER COUPLE.

*Photographs by Oldham, Colchester.*

SEE-SAW.



A NOVEL COACHMAN.



THE BOGIE MAN.



A BASKETFUL OF MISCHIEF.



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## THE MOONSHINER'S DREAM.\*

BY MATT CRIM.

"S'manthy, S'manthy, wake up! Eddy's mighty sick, an' I want you to run down to the 'still'ry an' tell Eph."

Samantha rubbed her sleepy eyes open, staring up at her sister-in-law quite vacantly for a moment.

"What 'd you say, Lizzy?"

"Eddy's sick an' I can't leave him. He has a high fever, an' is callin' for his pa. Run, S'manthy, quick as you can. Here's your clothes, an' wrap my shawl 'round you."

Samantha sat up on the side of the bed, still half-dazed, but reaching mechanically for her dress. She occupied a little shed room, opening out of the main room of the cabin, and the cold wind crept up through the cracks in the bare board floor.

"I wants my pa; where is my pa?" fretted a child's voice feverishly.

"There, there, honey; he'll come in a minute," soothed his mother.

Samantha was about in an instant, the last vapour of sleep blown away by the breath of that childish treble. Her teeth chattered a little as she dressed, groping around with no other light to aid her than the one shining through the doorway from the fireplace in the outer room.

"Put on another light'ood knot, Lizzy," she called.

"Why don't you come out here, where it's warmer?" was Lizzie's reply; but she thrust the rich pine under the logs, and stirred up a brilliant blaze. She was a tall, sallow-faced young woman, with stooping shoulders and melancholy eyes, a direct contrast to her sister-in-law, who was short, and rosy, and laughter-loving.

"Now, don't you be pestered, Lizzy. Eddy ain't goin' to be bad sick, I know," said Samantha hopefully, as she came out of her little room, flinging a shawl over her head. "He's just a little crampy an' feverish. He al'ays is when he takes cold. Eph'll come right up, and then Eddy'll be all right. Won't you, honey?" glancing over her shoulder to the bed.

The little boy turned restlessly on his pillow, moaning softly.

"I tell you, S'manthy, he ain't tuk like he usually is," whispered Lizzy. "It 'pears to me we orter have a doctor right now. I know I'm al'ays scared plum to death nearly when anything gets the matter with Eddy; but you'd be, too, if he was the only one you had." She turned away, wiping her eyes on her dress-sleeve.

"I ain't blamin' you, Lizzie."

She went to the bed and bent over the sleeping child for an instant, listening to his breathing and laying a light finger on his pulse. The doctor lived five miles away, down in the town, so it behoved the people of the mountains to know something about sickness and to exercise judgment. Samantha stepped out into the icy stillness of the night, with a feeling of anxiety tugging at her own heart. She debated whether it would not be wiser to saddle the mule and ride down to the distillery, as Eph could then go direct to the doctor, but she decided to let her brother see the child himself first.

"We air all plum fools 'bout Eddy, an' I reckon git skeered at mighty nigh nothin'. I'll let Eph judge for hisself."

She stepped out briskly and fearlessly, gathering the shawl closely about her head and shoulders, for the night was bitter cold, with a light powdering of snow upon the ground. Iceles snapped noisily under her feet, her breath made a frosty cloud about her face. The wind had risen, for high above that frozen silence of the earth the ragged clouds flew stormily. Now and then the moon shone down through a rent, illuminating mountain-peak and ravine with its cold white light, but only momentarily.

The little cabin was perched away up on the side of Brandreth's Peak, in a sheltering cove, and Samantha's way led her across the clearing, where the naked corn-stalks of last year's crop yet stood in blackened rows, and down a ravine half choked with laurel. Half-way down the side of the declivity a well-defined path had been beaten out, and to this the girl kept, treading carefully along its slippery surface for fear of falling. The trickling murmur of a little stream came up from the depths of the hollow; now and then a bird soared from its roost flew through the naked branches of the trees, or some small four-footed beast ran across the pathway. Of these sights or sounds Samantha had no fear. It was not the first time she had been to the distillery after nightfall. But her ears were keen to distinguish sound, and the element of danger always lurking in the air for the moonshiner and all those connected with him had sharpened Samantha's wits beyond the ordinary. Still, she did not fear danger that night until she came to a turn in the path where it shelved down very rapidly towards the bottom of the ravine, and found herself, without warning, within a few feet of a group of men. They were standing as motionless and noiseless as the trees, and after drawing one sharp breath of surprise and tremor, she also came to a standstill, trying to shield herself behind a shrub of laurel. The moon was hidden by the clouds, and she could not tell whether they were friends or foes, but instinct warned her that they were the dreaded Revenue officers. The distillery was not fifty yards away, hidden in the depths of that hollow, and she could easily picture the careless security

of her brother and her lover, Al Bishop, for they were partners. Her lips felt parched. The cold seemed to strike suddenly to her heart. For an instant she felt blind and dizzy with the thought of their being entrapped and taken. She clutched at a bush, loosening a shower of iceles. They fell to the ground with a loud clinking sound.

"I heard something," muttered a cautious voice.

"Hush! it was only the ice falling," said another.

And then to the girl's straining ears came the soft punch, punch of footsteps behind her. She turned her head and saw a man, looming up almost directly over her. She dared not move or breathe scarcely for fear of discovery.

"Straight ahead," whispered the new-comer to his comrades.

"You are sure?"

"Yes, I know it," impatiently.

The group broke into single file, moving down the pathway like black shadows. Samantha lost all sense of her own danger in the



*She crashed down through the underbrush.*

desperate desire to warn those below. She leaped to her feet, giving utterance to a wild and piercing cry. It splintered the silence of the night with a thousand echoes, and died away in weird whispers against the hillsides and in the hollows. There was a shout from the officers. Some plunged down the pathway, while others wheeled to find out if an ambush had been sprung upon them.

Samantha heard a bullet whiz by her ear, and the next moment she had dropped over the edge of the bluff. She crashed down through the underbrush, bumping and rolling over stones and shrubs, her clothes torn, her face and hands scratched. The thick folds of the shawl wound about her saved her somewhat, but not altogether. It seemed an age before she found a stopping-place, and then she lay bruised and breathless, unable to move. But dreadful sounds still pierced her stunned senses, fierce cries, pistol-shots, and trampling feet. Someone ran through the laurel thicket on the opposite side of the stream, an officer in swift pursuit. But he wasted both his strength and his ammunition, for he returned empty-handed. She could hear his hoarse breathing, and now and then a profane exclamation as he picked his way through the underbrush.

Then gradually the fury of conflict and of destruction died out, and silence reigned again—the silence of midnight. Samantha had lost all account of time, for she could not tell whether she had fainted or had slept. When she came fully and clearly to herself again the stillness of death seemed to prevail around her. Only the little stream rippled on softly, musically, undisturbed by human conflicts. Samantha found herself lying across some laurel boughs directly over it, and through the tree-tops, towering above, she saw a patch of sky. It widened while she

gazed; the clouds grew silvery, and then the moon appeared, sending a clear beam right down into her eyes. Her sluggish thoughts were quickened; she remembered her errand with a groan. But when she tried to move, to sit up, her numbed limbs refused to obey her; she felt as though pinned to the earth.

"I mus' be plum frozed or I'm paralysed—one or t' other. Did they git Eph an' Al? What will Lizzie do?"

Before she knew it tears were filling her eyes, trickling over her face. "La! what am I cryin' like a baby for? If I've got to die, the Almighty 'll take keer of me. I done what I could to save 'em."

She tried to wipe away the tears, but her stiffened arm refused to be moved. It lay like a leaden weight across her chest. It was no use. She might as well give up. That drowsy numbness seemed to be creeping up even to her heart. Only her brain was still active—preternaturally active. All her life, from childhood on, crowded upon her thoughts. She and Al were to have been married in this spring. Poor Al! how sorry he would feel! And Lizzy, and Eph, and Eddy. She was again moved to tears, though scarcely conscious of them.

It seemed a long time that she lay thinking, thinking; then her thoughts became only dreams. She lay snug and warm in her own bed, with a stream of water flowing through the room, and a bird singing upon her rafter. What a shrill and piercing note! The voice of the running water was ten times sweeter, softer. Suddenly she was wide awake again, and listening, listening intently. That shrill bird-like whistle sounded very near. It thrilled her with reviving hope; she



"Yes, honey—yes, yes, I'm comin'!"

uttered a little cry of relief and joy. A man crashed through the underbrush at the opposite side of the stream, and leaped over very close to her.

"S'manthy! oh, S'manthy!"

"I'm here, Al; I'm right close."

The moon came out again, revealing her hiding-place. Al bent over her and gathered her into his arms.

"Honey, I 'lowed I'd never find you. I've been huntin' an' huntin'. What's the matter?"

"I fell down the bluff, an'——"

"You're freezin' to death."

"Yes, I s'pose so; an' I feel all broke to pieces."

"I knowed it was your voice the minute I heard you scream, an' we all knowed what it meant, too."

"Eph, where is Eph?"

"They tuk him, S'manthy."

She gasped with horror.

"Tuk Eph! Oh, oh!"

"I been up to the house an' found Lizzie mighty nigh distracted. She's takin' it hard, and Eddy bein' sick, too. I had to come an' hunt for you, an' I think I'm just here in time."

All the time he had been talking he was busy rubbing her face and hands, and now he lifted her first into a sitting position and then to her feet. But he had to carry her in his arms.

Grey daylight was shining along the eastern horizon when they at last reached home. Al carried his sweetheart over the threshold into the room. Poor Lizzy sat before the fire with her apron over her face, weeping dully.

"Oh, me! oh, me! Eph an' Eddy, and now her too."

On the bed the sick child tossed and moaned—

"I wants my pa; I wants my pa."

That grey wintry morning found the Revenue officers and their prisoner far on the way to Atlanta, and at nightfall Ephraim White was lodged in jail. It gave him a strange feeling to hear the cell-door close, and the key turn in the lock. He sat down on the edge of the hard cot, and put his face in his hands for a moment. It was the first time he fully realised the situation, and what it meant to be behind the bolts and bars of a prison. His bold, free spirit quailed a little: he thought of his wife and child with poignant regret, with deep and keen sympathy. Others had been captured and carried away from the mountains, and he had listened to tales of prison life that set his heart aflame with anger, but he had never believed such a fate would be his.

Who gave that alarm on the mountain? He felt again the thrill it sent through him when it pierced the silence of the night. He remembered just where he was standing, what he was doing. He had raised a blazing splinter from the fire to light his pipe. But the pipe must have shared the fate of the 'still'ry. He ground his teeth as he thought of standing helplessly by while his property was being destroyed.

"I'd like to a' tuk a hand agin 'em for a few minutes," he muttered grimly. "I 'low they'd 'a ben somethin' like a wreck, too."

How his tameless spirit, bred in the wild fastnesses of the mountains, chafed and raged during the ensuing week. A weight of anxiety hung upon him. He had never before been separated from his wife and child for so long a time. What would Eddy think of the long absence, and would they dare explain its meaning to him? Eph writhed and paced the narrow limits of his cell as he, in fancy, saw the pale little fellow watching for him day after day. He had never been robust and full of healthy animal spirits, like other children, and the father's heart had yearned over him from his birth. The idle days lagged drearily to the imprisoned man. But one morning a letter came for him, an ill-spelt scrawl, that he had to ask a fellow-prisoner to read to him. The news it brought was worse than anything he could have imagined. Eddy was sick, sick unto death, and constantly calling for him. If he did not come home, the child would certainly die; but if he did, the doctor thought there might be a chance of saving his life.

"Oh, do cum, do cum, ef you have tu break jail tu git here," Lizzy prayed in conclusion. "Mebby they 'll let you out if they know he's so sick."

Eph heard the reading with ashen cheeks and wild eyes.

"Go! I reckon I will go ef I have to pull down every brick in this jail-house. Eddy sick an' me not there to take keer o' him. He'p me, Almighty God, oh, he'p me!"

It is needless to dwell upon his vain appeals, first to the jailer, and then to the Federal authorities, for liberty. Their dealings with men had not been of a kind to increase their faith in human nature. Some believed that it was merely a clumsy scheme to escape, others that, if the child was ill, no good could be accomplished by his presence. His promises to return and give himself up were heard with derision and doubt.

"As the Almighty hears me, I will come back when he gets better," he said, with tears running down his face. He's the only little 'un I've got. Lemme see him 'fore he dies."

But that night he lay down on his prison cot stupid with despair, knowing that he could only get his liberty by breaking jail; and how could he do that? He had a dim remembrance of prison doors opening for the escape of certain Apostles, but that happened only in the days of miracles. It never could happen to a poor sinner like him. Nevertheless he prayed, and prayed after a different fashion than ever he had worded his petitions before, prayed with a fervour and passion called forth by his extreme need.

It must have been near midnight, or perhaps later, that it seemed to him he was awakened by someone calling him, and he looked up and saw his child with outstretched arms.

"Pa! oh, pa!"

"Yes, honey,—yes, yes, I'm comin'!" he cried, leaping out on the cold floor. But the vision had fled; nothing more than blank darkness met his gaze. He dashed to the iron-grated window. His hands, his arms, his whole body seemed endowed with the strength of ten men.

"Yes, honey—yes; pa's comin'," he muttered again, and wrenched the bars like a madman.

He never could have told himself how they were loosened and torn out, nor how he managed to escape detection as he scaled the high spiked fence. He only knew that presently he stood upon the deserted street, shivering with cold, and fumbling in an inner pocket for the money he carried. Two other men escaped that night—one a murderer, and the other a noted thief, and in the hue and cry after them it seemed a small thing to lose a moonshiner.

Eph White was climbing Brandreth's Peak the night after his escape, taking great swift strides, or running where the path was smooth and level. The nearer home, the more frantic his haste. Snow was falling and the wind bitter cold, but he took off his coat and wiped beads of perspiration from his face. All day his ears had been haunted by that appealing childish cry, "Pa! oh, pa!"

For him the dusky woods were filled with little pattering feet, with tender baby voices. "I'm comin', honey, I'm comin'." Lord! lemme git thar quick, lemme git thar quick," he sobbed and prayed as he ran.



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MISS ELLALINE TERRISS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

## JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

## XXXIX.—LORD FREDERIC HAMILTON, SIR DOUGLAS STRAIGHT, AND THE "PALL MALL MAGAZINE"

The birth of the *Pall Mall Magazine* has marked the commencement of a new era in the literature of pictorial illustration, and though it is but eighteen months since it made its appearance, it has already become a



LORD FREDERIC HAMILTON, M.P.

Photo by Montague Lind, Queen's Club Gardens.

formidable rival to the leading American monthlies which have for years met with considerable support from the reading public on this side of the Atlantic.

It was in a fastidiously appointed room at St. Ermin's Mansions, which was crowded with reminiscences of his varied travels, that Lord Frederic Hamilton, with ready courtesy, granted me the necessary ten minutes as representative of *The Sketch*.

"How did you come to start the *Pall Mall Magazine*?" I asked. "Surely it was a daring enterprise, in the face of the number of illustrated journals?"

"It had long been my ambition to be the editor of a shilling magazine which should be free from all personal matter, and not only compete with the existing American magazines, but, in time, surpass them. Accordingly, when Mr. Astor informed me that he contemplated starting a new illustrated monthly, and offered me the editorship, I accepted with alacrity."

"And had you no previous experience in the journalistic field?"

"None whatever. I was a complete novice at the work, and at first it was terribly uphill. We had no offices, and the first number was produced in the back room of a narrow street in Soho. I blushed whenever anyone called to see me. Then we got our new plant, perfected our organisation, and took possession of our offices in Charing Cross Road. In two months we had placed our magazine not only on a firm, but prosperous footing. It was a great stroke of luck our meeting with Mr. Dove Keighly, our clever art-editor, whose aid has been invaluable. He has decidedly advanced views regarding the illustration of magazines, and will never be satisfied until he has shown that as good or better illustration can be done in England as in any other country in the world."

"And you believe that in time the English magazine will be to the front?"

"Distinctly. For two reasons. In the first place, the reading matter of an English magazine appeals more vividly and with greater interest to an English public, as the new school of American writers devote themselves almost exclusively to American subjects, and it seems to me that life in the New World is far less full of incident and variety than in the Old. I think the best style of short story is simply to give incident and convey it in as few lines as possible—actors and circumstances."

"And does the number of illustrations add greatly to the selling result of the magazine?"

"Yes, for pictorial illustration has never covered so wide a field or been so seriously treated as at the present time. The cause of the

superiority in some respects of the illustrated American periodicals over the English, so far, has been the excellence of the machinery available, and the superior methods of reproduction and printing afforded by the enterprise of the Century Company and Messrs. Harper and Scribner. We look forward confidently to the time when, in the matter of illustration, our 'smart cousins' will not be able to approach us."

"Are you satisfied, so far, with your success?"

"Yes, it has surpassed all our expectations. In eight months we hope to be in possession of a complete new plant in working order, which is being designed to print more than double the number of our Christmas issue, which was sold out in three days; and we are assured the result will repay all the labour and cost that has been bestowed in obtaining it."

Lord Frederic Hamilton was born in 1856, and educated at Harrow. He was formerly Attaché at Berlin, and Secretary at St. Petersburg, Lisbon, and Buenos Ayres. He left the diplomatic service in 1885, in which year he was elected M.P. for Manchester, and in 1892 was returned for North Tyrone. He is a keen sportsman, an enthusiastic musician, and has proved himself an able diplomatist.

The qualifications of Sir Douglas Straight, Lord Hamilton's potent ally and co-editor, are too well known in literary and artistic circles, and to the public, who love justice, to need further comment; but it is interesting to learn that he was born in London in 1844, and celebrated his jubilee on Oct. 22 last year. He commenced school life at Temple Grove, East Sheen, and completed his education at Harrow. From the age of nineteen he steadily fought the battle of life for himself, writing largely for the daily papers, and, under the *nom de plume* of "Sidney Daryl," made a considerable reputation as a writer of children's stories. He was called to the Bar in 1865, and soon had a very extensive practice, which was not diminished by his election as M.P. for Shrewsbury in 1870. In



Photo by Barraud, Oxford Street, W.

1879 he was appointed Puisne Judge of the High Court of Judicature for the North-West Provinces, at Allahabad, in which position he won golden opinions from all classes. He returned, after thirteen years' service, and was knighted in 1892, in which year he joined the *Pall Mall Magazine* as one of its editors, and has had no slight hand in bringing about the success it has achieved.

## FROM THE CORNER PEW

I gaze upon Miss Phyllis from the farther corner pew.

The place I hold, oh, ill is for a satisfactory view.

There's a roguish little dimple at the corner of her lips;

How her dainty tresses crimple underneath her bonnet-slips!

Then she turns her face upon me—banishes the sweets I view.

'Twas the profile of my sister I saw from the corner pew.—*Judge*.



THE ART OF THE DAY.

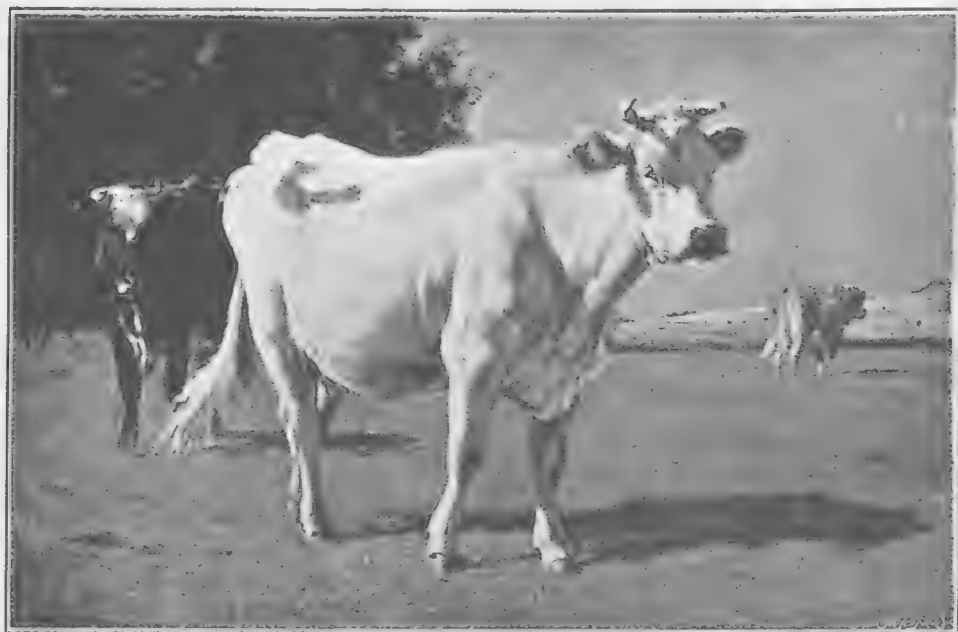


A MUSE-FREQUENTED RILL.—ROBERT FOWLER, R.I.

EXHIBITED AT THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

## ART NOTES.

Here are some specimens of the work of Émile van Mareke, who was referred to in this column the other week. Van Mareke was born at Sèvres on Aug. 20, 1827, being descended from an old Flemish family:



THE WHITE COW.—ÉMILE VAN MARCKE.

his father was a landscape-painter, and his mother, who was French, was a painter of flowers. Van Mareke, for ten years, was one of the artists of the Sèvres manufactory, and there he met Troyon, whom he always called his master. Every evening he studied the anatomy of animals, and familiarised himself with their forms. He obtained medals at the Salon in 1867, 1869, and 1870, and he was decorated with the Legion of Honour in 1872. The artist, whose full name was Émile van Mareke de Lummen, died in the early part of 1891.

The Solicitor-General, it is well understood, is a caricaturist of considerable aptitude. There are rumours of the everlasting laughter of the Treasury Bench when he pulls forth paper and pencil, and proceeds to the fields of black-and-white triumphs. One, therefore, reads with a special interest anything the Solicitor-General has to say upon the subject of Art, particularly the art of black-and-white. He opened, a few days ago, the Sixth Annual Exhibition of the Royal Drawing Society of Great Britain and Ireland, at 50, Queen Anne's Gate, in a speech of customary and characteristic felicity:

The Solicitor-General has the additional reputation of being a capital draughtsman from memory. It was, therefore, perhaps natural that he should observe, at the outset of his observations, that "no phase of the Society's work interested him more than the drawings from memory." "He was one of those who had no great admiration for the camera or the Kodak, and looked with the gravest apprehension upon the illustrated papers, which were often nothing more than a bundle of instantaneous photos." The reason for this apprehension,

apparently, lies in the fact that the artist in black-and-white has no real chance against the camera. Sir Frank Lockwood draws a pathetic and really superfluous picture of the sad-eyed youth of "real ability" pacing Fleet Street with a portfolio of drawings under his arm, only to find at each application that his dreaded and hated rival, the camera, has forestalled his art, and thrown him into the Slough of Despond.

Now, really, the Solicitor-General must not harrow our feelings thus needlessly. Unfortunately for his theories, the illustrated paper encourages black-and-white artists more than any other influence. But the illustrated paper has obviously a double function—to chronicle passing events, and also to produce a record of some artistic nature. Now, the sad Fleet Street youth obviously can have little relation with the first; if you wish for an immediate illustration of some current event, it is to the camera you must go; if you do not do so, you can give no illustration at all. On the other hand, in the second function of the illustrated paper, the youth of our sympathies will have all the chance which is due to his ability. If it were not for the illustrated papers, he would possibly not get the chance at all. It is therefore the more cruel to blame the illustrated papers for not giving him a better chance than the excellent one which he would never have got but for their existence.

As for Sir Frank Lockwood's lament that the increase of illustrated journals has not opened a correspondingly increased opportunity to the artist in black-and-white, we venture to think that the lament is unreasonable. An illustrated paper may be founded for the express purpose of photographic reproduction.



THE DUN COW.—ÉMILE VAN MARCKE.

If it were not for that reproduction, the paper would never have been founded. Why, then, complain of the isolation of the youthful artist, when he would have been equally isolated whether the paper existed or not? But our best answer to a rather wholesale indictment is, perhaps, to recommend the Solicitor-General to become—if he be not so already—a subscriber to *The Sketch*.



BRINGING IN THE CATTLE.—ÉMILE VAN MARCKE.

The recent death of Mr. John Bell reminds one of a school of sculpture the popularity of which has long since waned and died its natural death, for it is more than sixty years since Mr. Bell sent to Somerset House a group illustrating "When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness, he shall save his soul alive." That sounds encouraging, and it was the first step along a somewhat inevitable path. He was extremely industrious. Year after year the world became more populous with bronze and marble creations—"Amoret," "The Babes in the Wood," "Dorothea," "Eagle-Shooter," "The Last Kiss," "Mother and Child," "Child's Play," "The Star of Bethlehem," and many another innocent and happy composition. Perhaps the obituary of a solid contemporary will supply our own failing words best—it is best not to be obvious twice: "His work was never less than creditable to his care, conscientious studies, and technical resources; and, in private life, John Bell was a very amiable man."

*Exhibited at the Goupil Gallery.*



Apropos of Mr. Nelson Drummond's striking picture of Nelson's famous battleship, a curious case was heard the other day in the Queen's Bench Division by Mr. Justice Mathew, arising out of a contract to do certain repairs to the vessel. The Government sold the Foudroyant, and she went through the hands of several speculative buyers, and ultimately a company was formed to buy her, and make her into a show ship by getting her into the same condition as she was in Nelson's time. She was destined to visit the Manchester Ship Canal and Manchester. Last July the Foudroyant was lying at Greenhithe, and the company owning her entered into a written agreement with a Mr. Shuttleworth to do the repairs in fifteen weeks for £3741, eighty per cent. of which was to be paid upon fortnightly certificates, ten per cent. more upon delivery of the vessel, and the final ten per cent. upon settling the account. The vessel went to Mr. Shuttleworth's yard at Erith, and the repairs were done. On the orlop deck he was to erect officers' cabins to imitate those originally there when she was a battleship. Considerable delay was caused by the defendants failing to remove old timber which interfered with the work. When the repairs were done the defendants paid only £1654. For the defence, among other things, it was pleaded that the vessel was damaged by taking

the ground while in Mr. Shuttleworth's hands. Eventually, at his Lordship's suggestion, a settlement was arrived at between the parties, but the terms of the settlement were not stated in court.



NELSON'S BATTLESHIP, FOUDROYANT.—J. NELSON DRUMMOND.

Exhibited at the Royal Academy.

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ONE WAY OUT OF IT.—W. B. WOLLEN, R.I.

EXHIBITED AT THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.



THE FIRST REGIMENT OF LIFE GUARDS (REVIEW ORDER), 1893.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.





THE FIRST REGIMENT OF LIFE GUARDS, 1793.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## "THE BANISHMENT OF JESSOP BLYTHE." \*

On putting down "The Banishment of Jessop Blythe," we cannot help feeling that Mr. Hatton has considerably tortured a very fine subject into a somewhat tedious and unnatural narrative. The book is theatrical without being dramatic, and, though replete with local descriptions, signally fails to impress the reader with any peculiar local truth. The handful of characters might have been placed in any other part of the world, and are distinguishable one from another principally by such outward signs as dress or conspicuous physical ailments. The paralytic, the village idiot, the dame with a crutch, and the shifty-eyed miser are too familiar figures to convey any impression of intrinsic characterisation; while the brown coat with brass buttons, the white silk stock, and



MR. JOSEPH HATTON.

Photo by Martin and Sallnow, Strand.

flowered waistcoat are properties that have lost their value by over-use. As the silk hat will not make a gentleman, so a rough coat and a dialect will not create a peasant. Mr. Hatton's folk of Castleton, he tells us, were all characters. They are certainly characters, but characters before they are human beings: their apt, high-flown sentiments pour from one and all their mouths with an oratory only to be heard in an Adelphi melodrama. The hero is described as wearing

a moustache *à la militaire*—that is, carefully brushed and with an upward tendency at the ends, something of a curl, which was maintained more by the habit he had of twirling the ends round his fingers, in reflective moments, rather than by any artificial aid. It was a moustache that contradicted the something mild in his eyes; it was not silky, like the hirsute growth of young guardsmen who fascinate susceptible ladies, but stiff and obstinate, &c. . . . He spoke in an educated voice.

We conclude it is meant here that he had the voice of an educated man? or, had his voice been trained? The following paragraph gives the key-note of the current style—

Pausing to take in the general scene, he recognised the girl as its leading figure. . . . She was the one tender bit of colour—it would be no exaggeration to say that she was, indeed, the one sweet bit of humanity in the picture. This is no disparagement of the women and girls down below her in the ropery; for they no longer belonged to the scene in which Adser was the leading actress. They were cut off from the path to the inner cavern, and the light of the entrance fell upon her in a slanting beam as a very deftly arranged shaft of limelight in a theatrical scene might have rested upon the heroine of a play.

Again, a peasant is described as having—

Great dark eyes, long black hair, thin wistful face, long arms, thin legs, dressed in a whitey-brown smock-frock, with a bit of yellow ribbon round his neck for a handkerchief.

The added "he looked like a Spanish gipsy" does not make this

tortured sentence grammatical. Even the descriptions of Nature glow with a footlight artificiality—

The sky was perfectly clear above, and against it, like a finishing decoration of the enormous rock, was a fringe of stunted trees in artistic outline.

Must even our trees be artistic?

The plot deals with the life of a community of rope-makers, whose factory is no other than the great natural caverns of Castleton, which they had held rent-free from the Dukes of Devonshire for many generations, working under a demi-Socialistic system, without, the author declares, "the noisy *réclame* of a cheap democracy." (Is an expensive democracy more desirable?) At the opening of the story this community formally banishes from its midst one of the six hereditary masters on account of his partiality for alcoholic beverage, and he departs submissively to foreign climes after having incidentally seen his brother, an ill-conditioned innkeeper, throw an ally in theft over the cliff to his death. The reader guesses that this scapegrace, Blythe, will make plenty of money in the new country, and return, which he assuredly does, though more materially laden with wealth than was quite anticipated, his waist-belt and garters being studded with diamonds. The latter, however, he exchanges for gold before landing in England—a disappointing transaction to the feminine reader. His wife, meanwhile, has died, and his deserted child grown to a very fine young damsel, who acts as show girl to the "High Peak Cavern," winning the hearts of susceptible tourists by appearing suddenly before them on dizzy heights in the blue fire of an artificial light thrown to display the mysteries of the great underground chambers. A young, independent rover, the happy possessor of the moustache that "contradicted the something mild in his eyes," falls a victim to her charms.

"Stay where you are a moment," she said, and, bounding down a steep descent, her light in her hand, she made Geoffrey's torch twinkle once more, and remarking, "Now we come to the finest sight of all," took hold upon the sleeve of his coat and led him forward.

"You are the finest sight of all I have seen yet," said Geoffrey, beginning to feel once more at home with the girl.

"Oh! I dare say," she answered, with a laugh.

"I am in earnest," said Geoffrey.

"Of course you are!" she answered in a tone of banter. . . . Ahead of them now, glittered and twinkled, and went out and reappeared, the torch of Muckle Thorpe, the *deus ex machina* of the illuminatory effects which Adser loved to whistle up like the stage-manager giving signals to the prompter for raising curtains.

After this gay interview he begs her to sit to him for a picture, and she sits for the picture; the village is naturally scandalised, and her peasant-lover's feelings outraged. Some violent scenes follow, and the young man is made to propose, and is quite pleased to do so, though entirely unconscious that the ex-roper's daughter is to inherit the fabulous wealth of her father, the banished Jessop Blythe, who returns in pomp to his native place, only to be murdered in his bed, without much reason, by the idiot of the village. The wrong man is, of course, accused, and is sheltered by the audacious heroine in a secret cave known only to her. This brings about some little difference between herself and her gentleman-lover, which, however, is quickly cleared up as the story progresses to a happy end. Mr. Hatton displays his real ability in the chapter on the murder of Jessop Blythe. The description of the death of the old wanderer is told with strength and originality, and has a certain poetic beauty incomparably superior to the limelight effects prevalent in the general style of the book, during the perusal of which the reader is constantly wearied with sudden digressions at the most interesting moments of the story into wordy description or historical allusions which are really quaintly immaterial.

"The Banishment of Jessop Blythe" will undoubtedly appeal to a great many readers. There is imagination and a certain touch of humour in the work which are worthy of appreciation.

## GOLF IN NEW ZEALAND.

Golf has taken a strong hold in New Zealand, and promises to become as popular in that Colony as it is in any other British dependency. Nearly all the principal towns have now their golf club. In many cases two clubs are in existence in the one town. The team given here carried off the blue ribbon at the last New Zealand Championship Meeting, held at Christchurch, under the auspices and management of the Christchurch Golf Club. The first championship meeting was held at Dunedin in 1893, and the next will be held at Wellington during the present year. The Christchurch Golf Club was formed four years ago, and has a playing strength of some sixty-odd members, the links being situated in Hagley Park, within the city bounds. The lady wearing the medal in the photograph is Mrs. Wilde, of Christchurch, winner of the challenge-cup.

It is said that a new evening sporting newspaper is to be started in London at the end of the month, and that one or two sporting noblemen are at the back of the enterprise. How is the paper to pay its way during the winter months, especially when we get six weeks of idleness, as was the case recently? The pioneer of evening sporting news was, as many doubtless remember, the *Glow-worm*, with which Captain Machell was connected. This paper, had it lasted till now, would have been a big property.

\* "The Banishment of Jessop Blythe." By Joseph Hatton. London: Hutchinson and Co.



GOLF IN NEW ZEALAND.

*Photographs by Standish and Preece, Christchurch.*



THE CHRISTCHURCH AND DUNEDIN LADIES' GOLF TEAMS.



GOLFERS.



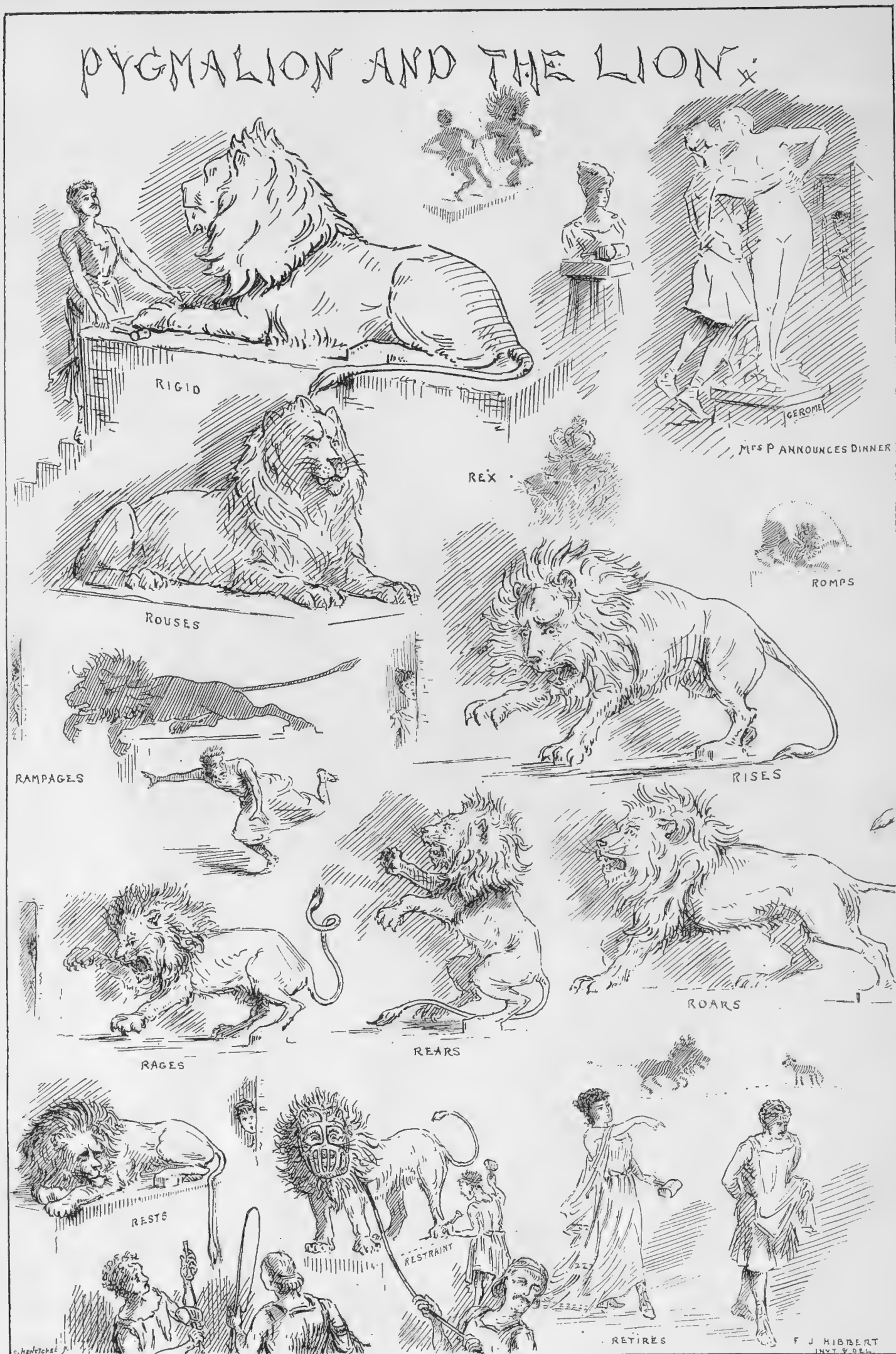
AT HER TOILET.



THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



IN A CAFÉ CHANTANT.



The story of Pygmalion and Galatea is well known; that of his "white elephant" is not, and, briefly told, is as follows: Pygmalion sculptured a lion, and, when nearly finished, murmured, "Oh, that it had life!" The gods heard; the half-prayer granted, the statue was vivified, the sculptor terrified; Mrs. P. appeared and swooned. Help was summoned, a professional lion-tamer treated with, and the animal finished and removed. Mrs. P. remarked severely that if her Pygmy was ever up to his vivification larks again, out he would go, and she would run the statuery business. Enough with that hussy Galatea, without being nearly eaten up with wild beasts!





MAN ON HORSEBACK : "Hallo ! old man ; given up riding ?"

MAN ON FOOT : " Well, the fact is, my doctor says that I am getting too fat, and advises me to take short, quick runs during the day. But I want some object to run for."

MAN ON HORSEBACK : " Buy a straw hat."

THE LITTLE  
STOWAWAY

A SKETCH FROM LIFE

© ECI  
LADIN  
95

## THE BURMAN IN DURANCE.

Laziest of mortals is the Burman. If his chief towns are stirring with business, it is not his business—it is the business of Europeans, Americans, Chinese, Armenians, Indians, negroes, anybody else. Take Rangoon. Much less than half the population of Rangoon is Burmese, and a large majority of these live in the suburbs. "The sampan-wallahs," says Mr. E. D. Cuming, in his sprightly volume, "In the Shadow of the Pagoda" (to which we cordially acknowledge our obligations), "The sampan-wallahs are Chittagonians; the drivers of gharries and bullock-carts are Malabar Coast men; if the road is under repair, coolies are the labourers; the



PRISONERS HUSKING PADDY.

policeman, dozing harmlessly in the shade, is probably a Madras man too; and fifteen out of twenty people you meet in the street are of nationalities strange to the soil." If you want to get squared logs stacked, you set an elephant to the job. Your Burman, he squats down on the shady side of the street, smoking and gossiping, or devotes an interval of exertion to kite-flying or chess-playing. A rare ambition, indeed, may reconcile a Burman even to the drudgery of a clerk. Away in the interior, again, the laziness of the agriculturist is fostered by the kindliness of the soil and by the easy consideration of the tax-collector; and if the paddy cultivator works hard (for him) during five months, he can lazy absolutely for the next seven. The interior trader takes things with like deliberation. The Karens of the hill districts, from climate and from necessity of surroundings, display more energy. But the Burman is egregiously lazy, and he is happy in proportion to his idleness.

A grievous business it is, therefore, when the Burman finds himself collared by the law—through some stupid misunderstanding, no doubt; especially if he has devoted misplaced energy to a turn at dacoity, perhaps with murder, incendiarism, and mutilation, and is awarded penal servitude for life. The high grey walls of his prison outside the town contrast grimly with the unbounded freedom of the jungle, and the

compulsory exercise of his enforced retirement jars painfully on his confirmed indolence.

His feet fettered, his clothing exchanged for a coarse loin cloth, a piece of sacking given him for a bed, his proud locks shaved off (except for a solitary top-knot, if he be a lifer), his name entered on the prison register, the convict ceases to be Nga Hline, and becomes, say, No. 5002. He receives a "thimbone," or metal plate, nine inches by five, whereon is pasted a paper form showing his number, age, sentence, and other pertinent statistics. So far furnished forth, No. 5002 interviews the prison blacksmith. This ingenious artist does two things for him. First, he passes an iron ring, of about the thickness of a lead-pencil, through the iron ring attached to the convict's wooden ticket (branded with his



SEARCHING CONVICTS FOR TOBACCO.

number), and that ring he welds round No. 5002's neck, thus ensuring the preservation of his identity. Next, he adorns each of No. 5002's ankles with a heavy iron ring, and connects the rings by two iron bars, a foot long, linked together, thus discouraging the new-comer from haste to revisit the jungle. No. 5002 is fully equipped.

No. 5002 is conducted to the night-room, where he deposits his bedding. It is a big, bare place, but airy and cool. The walls are formed of teak posts, four inches thick, set about three inches apart. The roof is iron. From the verandah around, the sentries are able at any moment to see what their charges are doing within.

The yard is triangular. On one side is the prison wall, twenty feet high, with some loose tiers of bricks on the top, ready to tumble noisily to give warning of an attempt to scale it. On the other two sides are work-sheds, barred with teak posts, like the sleeping-wards. In the middle of a grass lawn in the yard is a well, the mouth of which is closed by an iron grating to prevent suicide.

No. 5002 appears in the yard just in time for dinner. The tables, long cement slabs raised six inches from the ground, have been laid out by convicts under a warder. For each man there is a tin can of thin vegetable-soup and a wooden platter of boiled rice. Or, with less ceremony, the platters of rice or fruit are placed on the ground. At the



DINNER-TIME.



JAILER RECEIVING HIS MORNING REPORT FROM CONVICT WARDERS.



word of command the convicts take their places, sit down on their heels, and attack the food. The meal despatched, they go in pairs to a trough beside the well, and wash it down with a drink of water. They then fall in and await the command to return to work.

"Some," says Mr. Cuming, "spend the day at looms whence the coarse cloth used in the jail is turned out; others, at the oil-presses and saw-pits, or the mortars wherein the paddy is husked for the prisoners' daily rice. Gangs of short-term men are marched off, holding hands, to work outside the walls at the timber-yard, or, if fortunate, well-behaved convicts, to the garden. Long-term prisoners are sent to the hardest, coarsest work within the walls; there is no prospect of the slight change of scene ex-mural labour affords for them. Hammer in hand, they sit day by day breaking stones, which they do in the listless, mechanical way peculiar to prison labourers." Many degrees worse than stone-breaking, however, is shot-drill—shot-drill for two hours on end. "Tang!" goes the warder's gong, and each man picks up his heavy shot in both hands and shoulders it. Five seconds' pause, "Tang!" and the

## THE SUN-DANCE.

Certain medical authorities have lately been discrediting the old saw which promises health, wealth, and wisdom to the early riser. Perhaps they are right in the case of those who make a habit of rivalling the blackbird—who, by-the-bye, easily beats the traditional lark in this matter—but they take no account of the peculiar advantages connected with getting up in the small hours of Easter morning. We learn from Breton's "Fantasticks," published in 1626, and from other works, that when the sun appears on that day it dances in honour of the Resurrection, and may be seen doing so by those on the watch. Moreover, "Whatsoever one did ask of God at the instant when the sun arose and played, God would grant it him." This dancing used to be called "lamb-playing" in some parts of England, and Irish Catholics are said to sometimes still hold high revel at the previous midnight in preparation for the sight. Such a quaint belief did not escape St. Thomas Browne's



AT EVENING-SCHOOL.

shot is deposited at each man's feet. "It is terribly hard work," under the blaze of the Burmese sun. In the garden, the rules are somewhat relaxed. A chance fag-end of a cheroot may not be smoked even under cover of shrub; but, heaven of bliss! it may be turned into "quids" and chewed. Ah, misery to be caught and to disgorge!

The jail is a great institution. "Your syce breaks the shaft of your dog-cart; send it round to the jail to be repaired. New matting is wanted for the verandah; you can get it in the jail. You want a piece of furniture, whether it be a wardrobe or a whist-table; you will find what you require in the jail workshop," or they can make it for you.

Reclamation, as well as punishment, finds place in the Burmese prison. There are plenty of opportunities of learning a craft, as well as of practising already-acquired skill. One of our illustrations, too, exhibits the convicts at their lessons.

The jail hospital, if a necessary, is a gruesome place. The attendants are fellow-convicts, who display no sympathy, though they appropriate the dainties not intended for them. If a member dies, "Take him away—the law has done with him! Scrape a shallow hole in the shady jungle. . . . Put him in. . . . Tramp him down if the grave is too narrow. Now stamp down the earth above him; the pariah dogs will soon find him out if you don't!" And such may be the end of No. 5002!

vigilance, and he set it down among his Vulgar Errors, giving a solemn explanation of it as merely symbolical or "a tropical expression," though he thought it worth while to apologise thus: "We shall not, I hope, disparage the Resurrection of our Redeemer, if we say that the sun doth not dance on Easter Day." Other serious writers have also broken this pretty butterfly on their laborious wheels, ascribing it prosaically to reflection in running streams and such-like. In days gone by, however, the Church did not disdain the idea, for, in imitation, it is supposed, of the joyous light-heartedness of the solar sphere, it was the custom in some places for Bishops and Archbishops to toss about a hand-ball with their subordinate clergy during the Easter holidays, and particularly on the Sunday. A piece of weather-wisdom to the effect that "if the sun shine on Easter-Day it shines on Whitsunday likewise," points to some supposed connection between these festivals, and accounts for the less widespread superstition that the sun danced on the latter of them also. Whether it be fact or fiction, an old ballad, credited to Sir John Suckling, makes a very charming use of it in particularly graceful praise of a professor of the light fantastic toe—

But, Dick, she dances such a way,  
No sun upon an Easter Day  
Is half so fine a sight.

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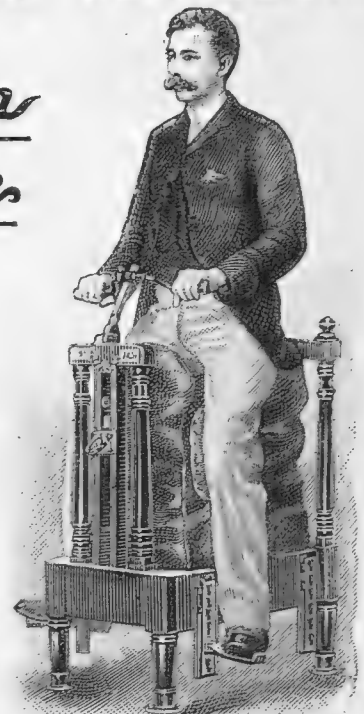
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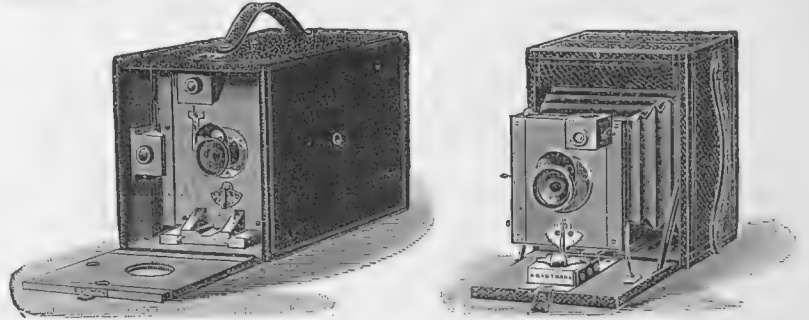
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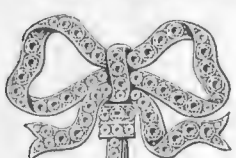
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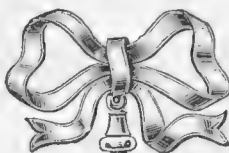


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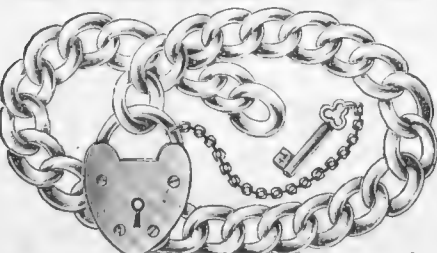


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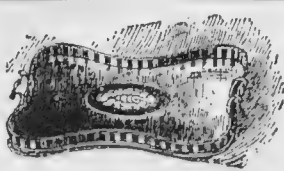
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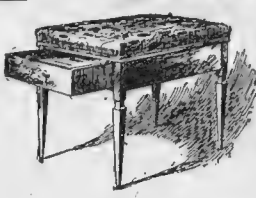
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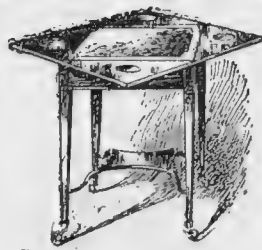
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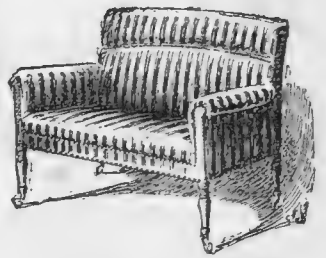
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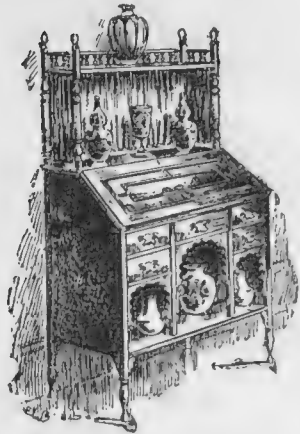
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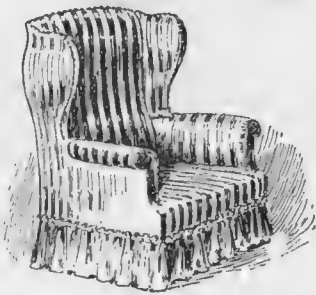
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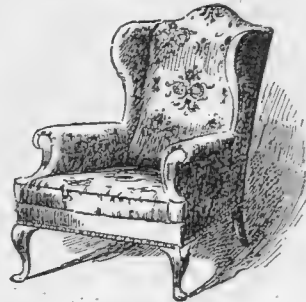
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## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## FOOTBALL.

My anticipations about the international match at Everton were more than realised. It was not so much that the Scotsmen were beaten pointlessly by three goals as the fact that they were absolutely overplayed, and, for the first time in the history of this contest, were outclassed.

It was a bitter pill for Scotland to swallow, but the Scottish officials are wholly responsible for the defeat. On the north side of the Tweed football is at a lower ebb than it has been for twenty years. One reason is that the flower of Scottish footballers find their way over the Border to play for English clubs. The Scottish Association, with a narrow-minded patriotism, refuse to ask the assistance of Scotch players in England. In previous years the excuse was that Scotland had no sympathy with professionalism. This is the case no longer. The Scottish Association has now recognised professionalism for two years, but it appears it only recognises professionalism in Scotland. The Scotsman in England who is paid for his services is treated as an outlaw, excepting, indeed, like Oswald, he shake off the dust of England from his feet and return to the Scottish fold.

All this, I hear, will be changed next year. Scotchmen are clannish, and, no doubt, wish to retain all the international honours for stay-at-home players; but they also dearly love to beat England, and the fact that they have not been able to do so since 1889 will doubtless make them swallow their pride and respectfully request the services of the crack Scotsmen in England. It is a remarkable fact that Scotch football is better represented at Sunderland than at Glasgow; at Blackburn, Preston, or Sheffield than at Edinburgh, Aberdeen, or Dundee.

Little remains to be said about the international match itself. England has not been better represented for years. Sutcliffe played a wonderful game in goal, and he was splendidly supported by Lodge and Crabtree. At half-back, Holt, Reynolds, and Needham, who occupied the same position in the same match last year, could not have been improved upon. The forwards, too, were very fine, and the two youngsters, Bloomer and Smith, fairly earned their spurs. Perhaps R. C. Gosling was the finest forward on the ground; and, although Goodall is by no means so fast as he was a year or two ago, his experience is still worth a good deal. Up to date, Scotland has won eleven matches, as against seven by England. There is just a chance of England drawing level at the beginning of the twentieth century. In the meantime, however, Scotland will doubtless do something to set her house in order; for, although it is hardly likely that the Thistle can recover her ancient prestige, there is no doubt that, with the pick of Scotsmen on both sides of the Border, the international contest will be as keen and as close as ever.

There was great rejoicing in Yorkshire when the champion county beat the Rest of England by 21 points to 3. It was a splendid victory, and well deserved, even though the "Rest of England" was by no means the Rest of England. The team which ought to have opposed Yorks would have been this season's English fifteen, and then we should have had a fight. Of course, Yorks are not to blame that they had only to beat a middling scratch lot.

It would appear that the International Rugby Board are prepared to do something to prevent what is called off-side play when a half-back follows the ball round the scrummage. There is also a proposal to penalise three-quarter backs for off-side play, but, if this takes place, it is likely to cause some confusion. In the opinion of Arthur Gould, the most famous three-quarter back playing, the penalising of three-quarter backs for getting in front of the scrummage would ruin three-quarter back play. Whatever change does take place in the rules of the game I trust will be experimental, and only for a limited time. The rules of the Rugby game are being continually amended and tinkered with, and, as far as I can see, with very little, if any, good effect.

Even international matches, in England, at least, do not take the public by storm like the final Cup-tie. It will be played at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, and, from what I can hear, the attendance is likely to exceed all previous records. The railway companies from the North and Midlands are vying with each other as to who will provide the cheapest rates, and, as a sample of what the railway companies can do if they like, I hear that an excursion will be run from Birmingham at five shillings inclusive for the return journey. This means that anything from twenty to fifty thousand provincials will visit the Metropolis, whether they all go to the Palace or not.

## CYCLING.

The presence of mild weather, sun, and blue skies naturally turns one's thoughts to cricket and cycling. The first great cycle-meeting of the year will be held at the Oval, London, next Saturday, under the auspices of the Surrey Bicycle Club. This is always one of the great cycle meetings of the season, and the attendance is rarely under fifteen thousand. The two most important contests is the one-mile event for the Sydney trophy and the ten-mile race for the Surrey Cup. A new feature will be introduced this year, in the shape of a one-mile scratch tandem race. There are some very warm tandem-pairs in London just now, and we ought to see a splendid contest. If Jones and Ridout, who, I believe, won the recent six-hours' race at Putney, should enter, they stand a fair chance of success.

Although the new Catford cycling track is now practically completed, the Catford Racing Festival has been put back until May 18. The Catford twenty-four hours' race will be held on June 14 and 15.

OLYMPIAN.

## RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

It is the general hope among racing men that Lord March may be induced to serve another term as a steward of the Jockey Club. His lordship, although a non-betting and non-owning sportsman, has a keen idea of the Sport of Kings, and he does not miss much that goes on during an afternoon's racing. Lord March devotes as much time as he can possibly spare to the sport. He rides straight to hounds, is a good angler, and a first-rate shot. His home amusement is wood-carving, at which art he is an adept.

Newmarket is deadly dull, excepting at race times. The old town is thoroughly conservative, and has not altered a little bit since the century came in, except that many of the successful jockeys have built to themselves big mansions there, and they consent to patronise their native Heath from Saturdays to Mondays on occasion. As a health resort, I should say Newmarket was one of the best in England, and I have often wondered why worn-out Londoners were not ordered by their physicians to go there for the bracing air, which, as all the racing world knows, is appetising to a point.

Sir Claude de Crespigny is one of our oldest amateur riders of today. He is possessed of plenty of pluck, and he selects steeplechases for choice. Many people think Sir Claude would have won the Grand National last year on his son's horse, *Corrèze*, if the animal had not met

with an accident which prevented his starting. Sir Claude has this season been riding in Spain. He believes in plenty of exercise, and thinks nothing of walking twenty miles to get a couple of pounds off his weight. I am told that when one of his tenants was some time back laying out a new cricket and football ground at Champion Hill, Sir Claude never neglected to have a couple of hours' work with the heavy roller each day, and he always pulled up as fresh as paint. The popular sporting Baronet has a most soldier-like seat in the saddle; in fact, he looks all over a jockey when putting a horse at a fence. Yet I remember one animal, named Fat and Free, which Sir Claude could not induce



SIR CLAUDE DE CRESPIGNY.

Photo by Robinson, Regent Street.

to negotiate the preliminary at Sandown, but the horse, seemingly, was nervous and short of practice. Sir Claude is fond of punching the ball. He is a good shot, and a fine billiard-player, I believe. As all the world knows, he at one time thought of trying his hand at a hanging, to—as was suggested then—qualify for the onerous position of High Sheriff of his county.

I was chatting with the popular manager of one of our largest stud-farms a day or two ago, and he told me something about the lottery of breeding blood-stock. It seems that only one foal out of ten, on an average, turns out to be valuable for racing purposes; and this is more often the case than not when the pedigree of both sire and dam is of the best. He further informed me that many yearlings were ruined, after passing into the trainer's hands, by being improperly fed, say, on new hay and new corn. Again, other young horses are spoiled by doing too much work at the rope's-end.

It is becoming more evident every day that the Derby will be a very open race. Those who are fastening on to Raconteur do not know, perhaps, that, as a two-year-old, The Lombard was far and away the better colt. At present I am of the opinion that the Premier will win the Derby with Sir Visto, and now that Kirkconnell has been badly beaten in a trial, I believe John Watts is free to ride Lord Rosebery's colt. Those followers of the Kingsclere stable who remember the doings of St. Blaise and Common back Le Var, but I know nothing about the colt.

I hope the rumour that Lord Houghton and Lord Wolverton—both good sportsmen—are to be elected members of the Jockey Club will turn out to be true, as the Club could do with some new blood; but one naturally asks why have not Sir Blundell Maple and Colonel North been invited to join the Club ere this? If the sport is to be managed properly, I certainly think this could best be done by electing as members of the governing body men of business and standing who have been successful in their respective walks of life. I should not like to enter into a business partnership with many members of the Jockey Club, but I should jump at the chance of doing so either with Sir Blundell Maple or Colonel North; and racing is only a business, after all.



## AN INDIAN LADY-NOVELIST.

India has given us its native poetess in the late Toru Dutt, and in Krupabai Satthianadhan, who last autumn laid down the pen for ever at the early age of thirty-two, we have the first native lady who had ever attempted fiction in the sense understood of the modern novel. Her



THE LATE MRS. SATTHIANADHAN.

Photo by Wicle and Klein, Madras.

last work, "Kamala," has been issued posthumously, and has just reached this country, where it deserves attention as showing, in a manner that the most sympathetic European could never convey, the everyday life and thought of the average *purdah* woman of the East. Mrs. Satthianadhan was a daughter of high-caste Marathi Brahmins of the Deccan. They became converts to Christianity, and gave the little girl as good an education as the Bombay schools could offer. When the University of Madras threw open its medical degree to women, hoping to secure students from the Eurasian community, Krupabai entered her name, and was again a pioneer, winning a hearty round of applause for her courage from professors and

scholars alike on taking her place among them for the first time. After two years' close study, her health broke down, and she was unable to finish her course in the Medical Schools. She married, in due course, a native gentleman, who took high honours at Cambridge and is now Professor of Logic and Philosophy at the Madras Presidency College.

Her earliest literary efforts were some articles and short stories which appeared in some of the Indian magazines, and not until 1888 did she attempt a flight, bolder both in idea and in strain, of her powers of expression in English, which were remarkable. It was called "Saguna," and is evidently somewhat autobiographical, for Mrs. Satthianadhan, though a Christian, never cut herself adrift from her former co-religionists, and her book shows one trying to realise her own individuality among surroundings not too favourable to such development. *Saguna* was New Woman enough to think marriage beneath her, till her heart was touched, and she is left happy in the prospect of wedded bliss. There is some incisive description of missionary methods which caused a certain amount of offence in quarters where its truth was recognised, and the picture of the native contempt for what these too often are is instructive if unpleasant reading. In "Kamala" we have a native girl with no more education than the elementary verbal knowledge she has acquired from the talk of her father, a learned ascetic. She is married as a child to suit family arrangements, goes to the house of her husband's parents, and then we follow her through the petty jealousies of the zenana, we hear the talk of the girl-brides, and see their quiet acquiescence in the discipline of the mother-in-law, even as their own mothers have submitted before them.

The story has a simple little plot, and Kamala's hopes of happiness in motherhood, after a crushing blow from her husband's perfidy with an intriguing widow, are wrecked when cholera claims both husband and child. The offer of re-marriage comes to her from an old admirer, and, though the British *raj* has made it legal for her to accept, Mrs. Satthianadhan understood the native woman's true views on the subject, and was not afraid to express them in an eloquent repudiation of any such palliation of a widow's lot: "Did not we wives die on the funeral pyre of old? Did we not court the water and the floods? What has come to us now that we fear them? Despise me, drive me away; I am the accursed among women," she says; and thus we leave her with shaven head, and jewels cast aside, but victorious according to her faith. It is a picture which shows the darker aspect of zenana life, told with a simplicity and sincerity far more convincing than a greater effort in sensationalism would be. At the same time, we are allowed to feel that Indian marriages are not invariably failures, that husbands are sometimes kind, and even mothers-in-law can be generous, while the gentle pleasures of the household, and the occasional outings and pilgrimages, go to lighten monotony that is far less trying to Eastern calm than it would be to the active temperament of the West.

Steps are being taken by Lady Wenlock, in connection with many other influential people in Southern India, to establish some useful memorial, probably in the form of a scholarship for native girls, to one who assuredly deserves a place upon the still narrow list of distinguished Indian women.

MARY FRANCES BILLINGTON.

## A HUNGARIAN PIANIST.

Miss Ilona Eibenschütz, the young Hungarian pianist who gave so excellent a rendering of Schumann's Concerto for piano and orchestra at the last Philharmonic Concert, is warmly welcomed in London every spring. But she will have left us again ere these lines are in print for her home in gay and beautiful Vienna, whither she flew as soon as her engagement at the Philharmonic was over, where, to use her own *naïve* words, "a young and an old artist were the soloists." Miss Eibenschütz is of much slighter build than most of her countrywomen, but she has all their fire and fascinations, and speaks English with the daintiest of accents. When only seventeen she came to this country, played, and at once conquered the cold hearts of the Britishers, who have remained faithful to her ever since; and she says she loves to play here, and looks forward to her three months spent in England annually with the keenest pleasure. She is a native of Buda-Pesth, and now only twenty-three years of age. All her family are singularly musical; for, though their parents were only clever amateurs, each child is distinguished in some branch of music, one brother being already a conductor in Vienna. Long before little Ilona could talk, her tiny fingers loved "to wander over the tuneful keys," and before she had attained her sixth birthday she had made her first appearance in public in Vienna. Soon after that, she was heard by Rubinstein, who was most enthusiastic in his praise; and she also played to the Abbé Liszt, who gave her every encouragement. After studying for six years at the Vienna Conservatoire under Professor Hans Schmidt, she made an extensive tour in Germany, Hungary, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Russia, also scoring a success in Paris. When thirteen, she went to Frankfort, and became one of Madame Schumann's favourite and most popular pupils. Then she retired entirely from public life, until her great teacher launched her on the musical world with the very highest credentials and prophecies of success, which have been most



MISS EIBENSCHÜTZ.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

amply fulfilled. Since then—only six little years—she has made a world-wide reputation, and played at the Philharmonic Concerts in the European capitals, as well as having received the personal congratulations of the Empress Frederick, the Queen of Denmark, the King of Sweden, and of her Majesty at Windsor. Miss Eibenschütz is also proud to count Brahms among her best friends.

## SOMETIMES CORRECT.

BOBBY: "Pa, what is a man from London called?"

PA: "A Londoner."

BOBBY: "What do they call a man from Paris?"

PA: "A Parisite, Bobby."—*Judge*.



# With the Japanese Troops.

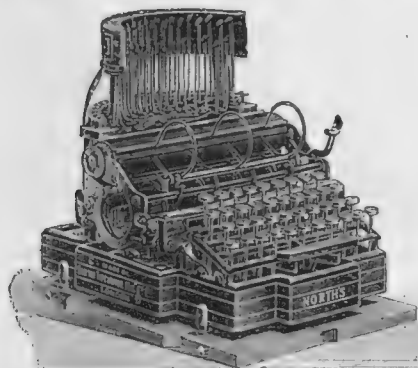
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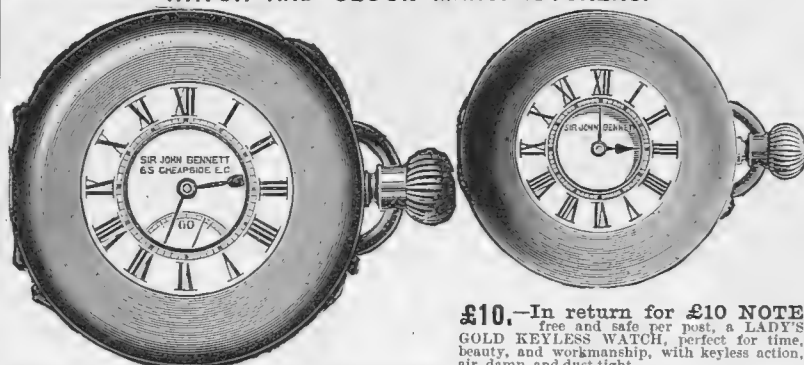


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## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The institution of Easter Holidays is one that few besides parents of school-boys and habitual residents at the seaside or near Hampstead Heath are inclined to object to. Yet the vacillation of the festival, together with all the scholastic and business interests attached to it, must be a serious trouble. Now, Easter is run back almost into the snows, then driven on well into the warm weather (when there is any). Nobody seems to know till a month or so beforehand when Easter is coming. It is a monument of the dominion of the Church over the State. The early Church, following Jewish precedent to a certain extent, resolved to determine the days of its most important festivals not by an approximation to the reasonable and natural solar data, but by complicated and arbitrary calculations with lunar periods and golden numbers and epacts, and goodness knows what! That it is well to have the sacred commemorations always on appropriate days of the week is obvious, but why not make that week the nearest to a certain fixed date, say the middle of April?

I do not know that the obsolete calculations of bygone Rabbis and priests have any claim to be considered part of religion. As it is, Catholics and Protestants have parted company, as regards Easter, both with the Jews, whose methods of calculation they first adopted, and with the Greek Church, unwilling to give up its belated twelve days. It was mainly on the date of Easter that the early English Church nearly split, the Celtic missionaries of the North, with the innate instinct of Home Rule, resisting the calculations and calendars of the Roman monks who converted the South. Rome triumphed at the Synod of Whitby, and possibly the reconciled prelates and monks went for their Easter holidays on a cheap trip to Scarborough, to celebrate the occasion. And ever since then, when Easter holidays come round, a vision haunts me of a mitred and robed phantom, waving a ghostly crosier, and drawing after him the whole incongruous flock of holiday-makers, 'Arry and 'Arriet in their hundreds of thousands, Jones the volunteer, on sham-fighting bent, clerks and counter-jumpers, and pale young ladies with superior manners, from shops and "stores," and ruddy young women with no manners at all, from the country towns—all taking their pleasure at what is possibly a most inconvenient and unsuitable time of the year, because the phantom so ordered it many centuries ago!

Now this seems to me to be wrong. If Easter were a religious festival only, it might be allowed to wobble over the calendar at its own irrational will; and those who derive any satisfaction from conjuring with Paschal moons and other such terms, might still do so to the full. In fact, religion might benefit from the disconnection; for, should religious Easter come when the parishioner was at home, he could, and probably would, attend his parish church. As it is, he is possibly away from Thursday till Tuesday; and, though the church may be well attended, it is filled too often with an alien throng, apt to be far from responsive in the matter of Easter offerings.

For my part, I should be glad to see the whole system of mass holidays done away with. Certain districts should have their pleasuring at different times. When Manchester goes (let us say) to Southport, let Liverpool stay at home; when Islington flocks to the "Orient," let Clapham labour patiently. So shall our seaside towns and rural pleasure-grounds be saved from alternations of plethora and starvation; nor will our theatres turn away money one week, and lavish "paper" the week after. Or, if universal holidays were desirable, why not let our population take its enjoyment in alphabetical order? St. Jones's Day would probably become the national Welsh holiday; St. Smith's Day would probably bring out a host quite as large, though more evenly distributed.

To be sure, Bank Holidays by letter would probably lead to numbers of those marriages in which the lady changes the name but not the letter, which, as all will remember, is supposed to be for the worse and not for the better. But this is a senseless superstition, probably taking its rise from the jingle in which it is stated. Why should not 'Enery 'Awkins, in the natural course of alphabetical affinity, take out 'Arriet 'Arris, or 'Unt, or even 'Oward? Why should the mere fact of their common possession of an initial (which they never use) make them unfit to contract a happy marriage? Why should not the bride find it convenient to retain her maiden monogram, so that, if the 'Awkins who gave her that initial-brooch proved faithless, she might still wear it proudly as Mrs. 'Icks? And how convenient it would be in marking the *trousseau*!

MARITON.

## A ROMAN VILLA AT FARNINGHAM.

In a field close to the River Darent, a stream which meanders through Kentish meadows, there has been discovered within the last few months one of the finest specimens of the Roman villa which archæologists in England have ever had the joy of inspecting. Two



HYPOCAUST BUILT WITH PILE OF TILES.

gentlemen—Mr. E. Arnott Clowes and Mr. Marchant—were led, by the sight of certain Roman tiles in this field, to dig a foot beneath the surface, and there, to their delight, they found the obvious traces of a villa larger than any which has been unearthed in this country. Mr. George Payne, of Rochester, added his antiquarian assistance, and during the last few weeks the excavations have been going on with ardour and success. You can now see the corridors and walls, the heating-apparatus and the floors, of what was, centuries ago, the dwelling-place of Romans who liked comfort and studied it as a fine-art. The



HYPOCAUST CONSTRUCTED WITH BLOCKS OF CHALK.—LOOKING NORTH.

half-dozen hypocausts which have been unearthed point to a desire for warmth, and the baths testify to the belief in hydropathy which animated the Romans. Scores of people have gone on a pilgrimage to the villa, which is situated about a mile from Farningham Road Station, on the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company's line.

## NOTE.

*The Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Building, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide.



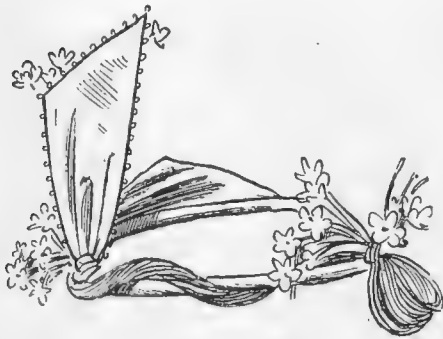
## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FASHIONS IN MILLINERY.

For weeks past my eyes have been positively blinded by the colours, many-hued as Joseph's coat, which blaze forth from the spring millinery prepared for our adornment. I have blinked at the most vivid of corn-flower blues allied to shimmering green ribbon and straw of a hue rivalling



the grass of the field, and yet found something fascinating in the combination. I have succumbed to the charms of flame-coloured nasturtiums, backed by velvet bows of an exactly similar hue, and relieved by rosettes and twists of alternate black and white glacé ribbon; I have given my approval to the union of the most oddly matched flowers imaginable, but finally quailed and fled before masses of crudely coloured hydrangeas and rhododendrons, backed by flaunting bows in shades every whit as startling. Imagine having to live with one of these hats, and to see it



A NEW BANDEAU.

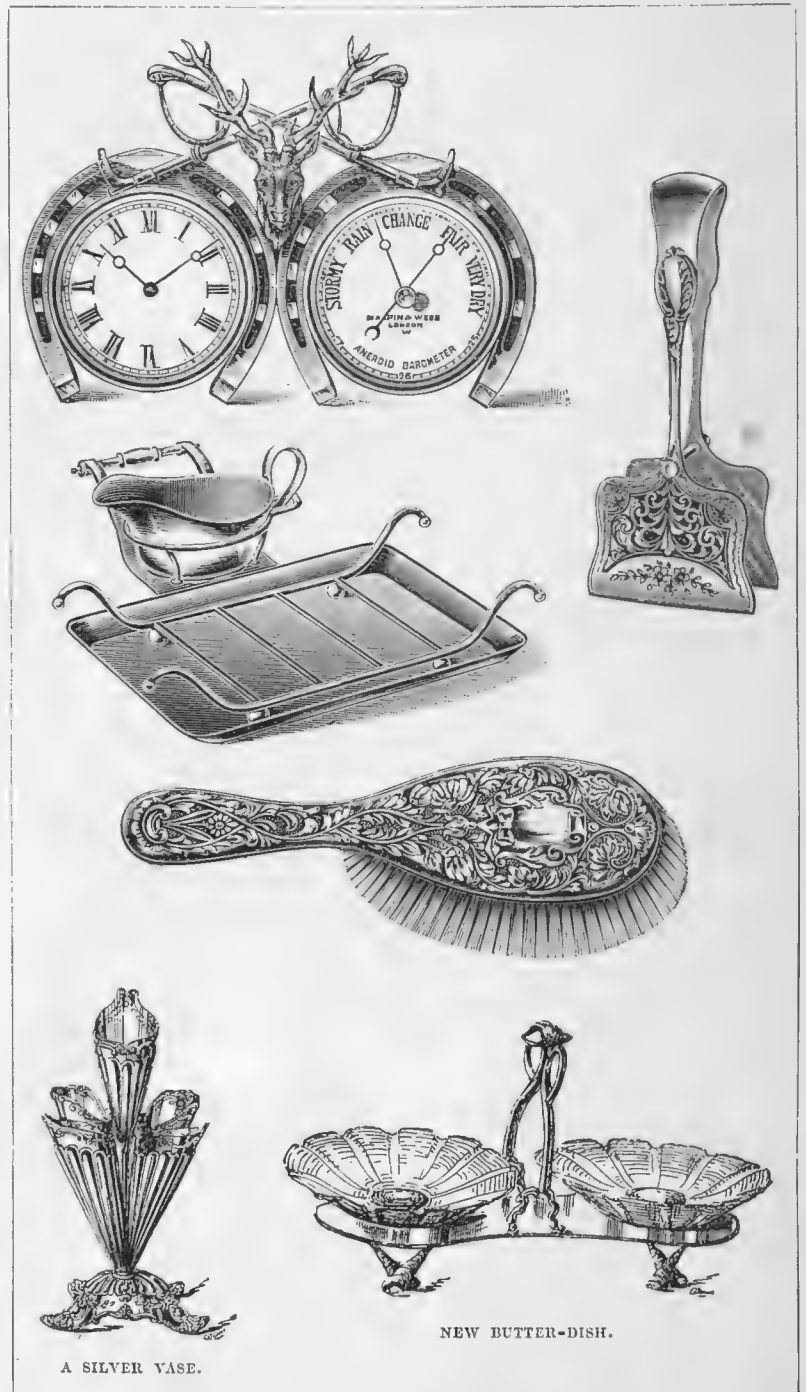
flaring its unchanging glories in your face when your complexion was not at its best, and making it look ten times worse by comparison—Ugh! And so I fled to 231, Regent Street, to rest my tired eyes upon some less gorgeous but infinitely more charming millinery, for well I knew that Mrs. Farey would steer clear of these extreme courses, and yet manage to keep her hats and bonnets perfectly smart and up to date. Nor was I disappointed, for one of the first things which I espied on entering was a lovely hat, which was a veritable harmony in soft tones of green, russet-brown, and yellow. The straw was a pretty fancy one, in which all three colours were combined, and the crown was partly composed of golden-brown velvet, which also formed a high loop-bow at the left side, while on the brim some clever hand had dropped a light cluster of exquisitely shaded leaves, just caught down with a tiny paste ornament. At the right side there waved a loose bunch of daffodils, and two or three of the pretty blossoms were clustered under the brim at the back. Altogether it was a delightful hat, and it shared my favour with some wide-brimmed, low-crowned shapes of the fashionable brown straw, trimmed in several instances with clusters of pinkish-mauve lilac and glacé ribbon to match, while wallflowers shading from golden yellow to pale petunia and shot-ribbon to match were used to trim a hat of fancy straw, in which green, brown, and a curious greenish-blue were blended together with excellent effect.

There was "Parisian" written large on still another hat of coarse yellow straw, with a wide waved brim formed of alternate bands of black net and straw, which had for trimming an immense bow of fine black lace, through which gleamed another bow of bright-yellow satin, while at the back was one great pink rose with its attendant leaves and buds; but my thoughts were economically bent, and so I devoted myself specially to a charming hat at one guinea, and a *chic* little toque at the same price, calling in the aid of my artist to depict their charms to you more accurately, for, now that Easter has come and gone, we all feel bound to indulge in some new millinery, and a guinea is a price which is moderate enough to suit anyone. The hat, then, is of coarse brown straw, the fluted brim edged with a narrow triple frilling, so to speak, of straw, which gives it a very soft appearance. Round the crown there is a band of pinkish-mauve satin ribbon, on which is laid an appliqué of cream lace, the ribbon forming two high loops in front and a spreading bow caught down to the brim by a little paste buckle. At the back there is a spray of lilac and tender-green leaves, a little sprig of the

flowers and a touch of ribbon resting on the hair underneath. Wonderful value for a guinea truly, for you could wear this hat with almost any gown. No less attractive is the toque, as dainty a little head-covering as anyone could desire. The crown is of jet, and is edged with a twist of leaf-green velvet and a frill of black accordion-pleated chiffon, the velvet forming a twist in front and a high loop-bow at the left. A cluster of yellow buttercups and black velvet Marguerites with yellow centres are the flowers chosen for trimming, and their appearance justifies the choice. Still one more pretty thing deserves your attention, and that is a new bandeau for evening wear, which, in view of the rush of gaiety in which we are now launched, is likely to meet with favour. It is a dainty little arrangement of yellow velvet, entwined with the twisted green stalks of the buttercups which stand erect in front, backed by an ear of velvet sewn round with gold beads, the price thereof being 5s. 9d., in any colour and with any flower that may seem good to you. And so, having introduced you to some millinery which is pretty without being *bizarre*, I leave you to make what use you please of the information.

## SOME USEFUL WEDDING PRESENTS.

If Easter has delighted us by bringing new plays and a host of gaieties in its train, it has also brought upon us an avalanche of weddings, each one of which means to a certain number of long-suffering friends and relatives a corresponding number of the presents which Hymen's votaries have come to demand as a necessary adjunct of the ceremony. There



A SILVER VASE.

NEW BUTTER-DISH.

## WEDDING PRESENTS AT MAPPIN AND WEBB'S.

are few people, I fancy, whose families have altogether escaped the wedding epidemic, and so it follows, as a matter of course, that just now an army of present-seekers is scouring London for the more or less suitable gifts which will eventually be presented for the more or less

[Continued on page 631.]

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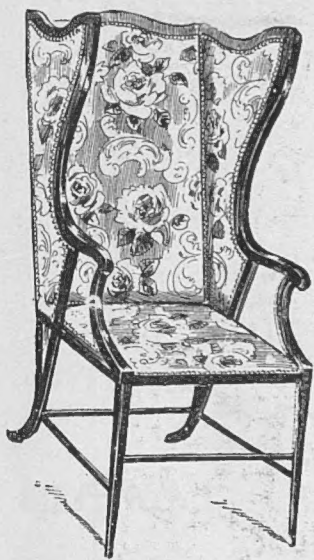
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delighted acceptance of brides and bridegrooms elect. To all such I have a few words to say, which may save some hours of journeying and search—a way of occupying one's time which is apt to become trying very soon. It has come to be a generally acknowledged fact that young couples have a weakness for useful articles which will assist in making smooth, comfortable, and, as far as may be, luxurious, their new path in life; and so silver and furniture are always in great demand, and it is of silver and furniture that I want to speak to you, for I have got some particularly attractive specimens of both to aid you in your selection. For the silver, you will naturally go to one or other of Messrs. Mappin and Webb's huge premises at 158 to 162, Oxford Street, W., and 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; and as, when once you get there, you could easily spend the whole of a long day in trying to look through a portion of the immense stock, and at the end be somewhat further from making a choice than ever, I will try to narrow your selection down to a few special articles, which, I venture to think, would meet with the approval of any couple either newly wedded or a Darby and Joan of many years' standing who have attained to their silver wedding.

Suppose we take the illustrations first? There is a new asparagus-dish (in the famous Prince's plate), to which is attached the accompanying, necessary sauce-boat, and which is about the best value for £3 5s. that anyone could desire to have. If you wish to make your present quite complete, you should add the beautifully chased asparagus-server with the new broad blades, which you can do for an additional guinea—the whole sum a very modest one, and the present which you can obtain therewith a very handsome and, withal, useful one. Then, for dainty loveliness, I can commend the double jam- or butter-dish of fluted Minton-ware, in the most delicate shades of pink, tea-rose yellow, forget-me-not blue, or sea-green, the latter colour harmonising particularly well with the graceful silver stand, which takes the form of twists of coral interspersed with tiny, quaintly shaped shells. This is the latest adaptation of a novelty only recently introduced by Messrs. Mappin and Webb—you will remember I drew your attention to it when it first came out—and it is certainly one of the prettiest of the many pretty things for which this firm is responsible. It is not expensive either, as witness the fact that the double dish illustrated is only twenty-eight shillings, while a single one is fifteen shillings. Next comes a new flower-vase of solid silver exquisitely chased, and the shape a very graceful and novel one, with four cornucopia-shaped holders surrounding a fifth and central one. The expenditure of fifty shillings will make you the possessor of this truly pretty thing, which would be an ideal present for a bride; and then, as the bridegroom must not be altogether forgotten, you can, if he is something of a sportsman, or if he wishes to be thought so, present him with the double clock and barometer, each encircled by a horseshoe of untarnishable nickel, and surmounted by a stag's head and antlers and crossed crops; or you might, if you do not care to spend £4 15s. on the clock, save ten shillings and delight the heart of a smoker by the purchase of a cigar and cigarette-box of dark coromandel-wood, lined with sandal-wood, and fitted with massive silver handle and corners. With either clock or box you can be sure of pleasing almost any man.

But one of the greatest treasures remains till the last, for imagine a hair-brush with a solid silver back, elaborately and beautifully chased, and sold at one guinea! The fact seems almost incredible, but you can each one verify it for yourself by investing in one of these truly wonderful bargains. Then there still lingers in my memory the vision of a coffee and liqueur set, which was a veritable poem in china. The dainty white cups were lined with a beautiful shade of green, the saucers, too, having coloured centres to relieve their whiteness. The liqueur bottle and the tiny glasses were of tender-green glass, and a silver sugar-bowl and coffee-pot added richness to the general effect, while the little silver spoons had a tiny green coffee-bean to finish the handle. But more within the reach of ordinary people's purses come such dainty trifles as heart-shaped silver photograph-frames, run through with ribbon of any colour, which is tied in a tiny bow at the top, the price of these pretty things being only thirty-five shillings, while paper-knives (always useful presents) of every imaginable form, including one in the similitude of a dagger, with a handle of mother-of-pearl and silver, contend for your attention with a new silver inkstand of goodly proportions, which is an accurate copy of the top of a penholder, *minus* the nib. And still I have not told you of one-half of what I saw, but surely I have revealed enough to whet your curiosity, and to induce you to make further and personal investigations. So now, having, I hope, helped to provide a few young couples with some silver presents, let us turn our attention to the furniture; and here I may say that the old-fashioned notion which once prevailed, and had for its basis the idea that only near relatives of the happy pair must dare to present them with any of the necessary household gods, has long since been consigned to the resting-place of old-fashioned notions—a place, by the way, which is being filled



A NEW ARM-CHAIR.

up very rapidly just now—and articles of furniture are becoming increasingly popular as wedding presents.

What, for instance, could be more charming than the quaintly shaped arm-chair (of which I have got a sketch for you) in mahogany, upholstered with the palest turquoise-blue velvet, patterned with an artistically bold design of delicate blush-pink and yellow roses, entwined with a scroll design? Charming in design and colouring, and wonderfully cheap—only £3 10s.—it would delight the heart of any lover of pretty things, be they married or unmarried; while, if you want something more solidly handsome



A HANDSOME SETTEE.

and are prepared to spend a little more money, let me recommend to you the winged settee in beautiful tapestry, studded with brass-headed nails, the price being actually only £6 15s., an arm-chair to match being priced, I found out, at seventy shillings. These are plain facts which speak for themselves, and I fancy they will appeal to you so strongly that your one desire will be to know where these things are to be obtained. This being the case, I am only too pleased to inform you that you will find them in those almost palatial premises in Pall Mall East which bear the famous name of Hampton and Sons, and though, to look at the imposing structure, you might easily imagine that the goods contained therein were only to be indulged in by those with very long purses, I think that this chair and settee should convince you to the contrary, and prove to you that it is in every way cheapest and best to go to a thoroughly good house. There are special attractions at Messrs. Hampton's just now, too, which make a visit there a positive artistic treat, for the firm's exhibit at the Chicago Exhibition is now on view there—a marvellously beautiful facsimile reproduction of Lord Salisbury's banqueting-hall at Hatfield. In addition to this, there is an exhibition in the fine-art department of a great number of etchings, engravings, &c., framed in such an absolutely artistic and discriminating manner that the beauty of each picture is enhanced and brought out in the most wonderful manner. Messrs. Hampton are making a great feature now of this decorative picture-framing; and not only do they study the character of the picture itself, but the general treatment and effect of the room which it is to adorn, the result being, as you may imagine, both harmonious and beautiful. The frames are made of solid walnut, or other woods, and the solid gilt is added in a variety of effective ways; while such is the strength and durability of these perfectly made frames that they will practically last for ever, so they add economy to their other advantages, for even in the first instance the prices are wonderfully moderate. To go back to our wedding presents, from which my attention has wandered somewhat, nothing could be more charming and suitable than a beautiful engraving beautifully framed. As, however, Messrs. Hampton provide you with anything and everything for the furnishing of a house, there is plenty of scope for choice—and, indeed, the brides-elect themselves would be doing wisely and well if they followed in the footsteps of the present-seekers who make Messrs. Hampton's establishment the Mecca of their pilgrimage.

FLORENCE.

The spring number of *To-Day* shows Mr. Jerome's paper at the highest point it has reached on the art side, Mr. Sydney Adamson, Mr. Sauber, and Dudley Hardy, among others, contributing clever page-drawings. Mr. George Moore is responsible for a longish story entitled "An Art Student," and Mr. Jerome is himself in "Tea-Table Talk," delightfully illustrated by Mr. Baumer.

Messrs. Brown and Polson, of corn-flour fame, have produced a flour for home-baking which requires no yeast nor baking-powder. For scones, tea-cakes, pastry, &c., the new "Paisley" flour is entirely successful if a little of it be mixed with ordinary flour. The peculiar advantage is that the process of raising is greatly assisted and simplified, and there is no uncertainty and disappointment as to the result. Bread so made is easily digested, even when new.



## NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

Those who had the pleasure of seeing the interesting performances by the Théâtre de l'Œuvre company at the Opéra Comique noticed with delight the admirable work of Mdle. Marthe Mellot. As Rebecca West, she caused some critics to say that they saw the part for the first time



MDLLE. MARTHE MELLOTT.

Photo by P. Sescou, Paris.

really played, and one hostile witness had to admit the splendid power of her passionate outbursts. As Pélleas in Maeterlinck's strange drama, her beautiful voice and admirable elocution, in conjunction with a daring sobriety of gesture, made her performance admirable. Her third part, that of Kaia in "The Master Builder," was less important, yet she gave a very striking and impressive piece of acting. The young actress has had but a short career. At the age of nineteen she entered the Conservatoire, and remained there two years, taking the second prize for tragedy and *premier accessit* in comedy. Then she was under the management of M. Porel for six months, and, since then, has been a member of the company

of Madame Sarah Bernhardt, who very kindly allowed her to come over for the Opéra Comique performances. She appeared last year at Daly's in the part of Aricie when the great French actress produced "Phèdre." It is to be hoped she will be a member of the Théâtre de l'Œuvre company when it pays its June visit to London.

illness as Miss Emery's leaves terrible ravages to be repaired, and probably many weeks must elapse before London playgoers will again see her on the boards; but she will undoubtedly have the best wishes of an enormous circle of friends and admirers for a speedy recovery. Another clever lady who was a sufferer from the terribly trying winter, and who has been imbibing "oceanic ozone," is Miss Alma Murray, who, I am glad to learn, has returned to London all the stronger for a few weeks at the seaside.

One of the plays to be given at the forthcoming Shakspeare Memorial Performances at Stratford-on-Avon is "Alec Nelson's" one-act drama, "Judith Shakspeare," founded on an incident in William Black's well-known novel. It was produced at the Royalty Theatre on Feb. 6, 1894, on the occasion of one of the performances of the now defunct Society of British Dramatic Art. Peculiarly appropriate to the present revival is the fact that the scene of the play is laid at Shottery, near Stratford, in the garden of the great bard's mother-in-law, Dame Hathaway.

To-morrow is the first night of "The Ladies' Idol," the successor of "The New Boy," at the Vaudeville Theatre.

## THE BEAGLES OF THE DEVONSHIRE REGIMENT.

This very sporting little pack was started in August of '93 by Lieutenant E. M. Wood, eldest son of Sir Evelyn Wood, who, as most people know, and everybody ought to know, has himself always been devoted to sport, but more especially to hunting. Ever since the regiment acquired the hounds from Mr. Cross, of Catthorpe Towers, Rugby, the pack has in every way greatly improved, and, taken all round, the twenty couple, of which nine couple are dogs, form a fairly level lot, and have plenty of bone and stamina. Lieutenant Wood has been Master from the first, and Lieutenant R. P. Smith Whipper-in. As a rule, the hounds meet twice a week; but during the past winter, owing to the long spell of frost, sport was greatly interfered with. Devonshire, too, is at the best but a poor scenting country, especially the country about Plymouth. However, as the regiment shortly leave for Pembroke Dock, better sport may be expected next season. Over two hundred and fifty persons sat down to the Hunt Luncheon given to farmers and their friends before the opening meet last year by the officers of the regiment. The Master, who is well known with the Essex Foxhounds, and was for three seasons Whipper-in to the Aldershot Beagles, maintains the reputation of his regiment by being a smart soldier, a keen all-round sportsman, and a capital man to hounds.



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FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED WILDMAN, PLYMOUTH.